





Westminster-Drollery.

Or, A Choice

COLLECTION

Of the Newest

SONGS & POEMS

BOTH AT

Court and Theaters.

BY

A Person of Quality.

With Additions.

LONDON

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MDCLXXI.



WESTMINSTER-DROLLERY.

The first Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Pass all my Hours in a shady old Grove,
 And I live not the day that I see not my Love:
 I survey every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
 And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving to well.

2.

But each shade and each conscious Bow'r that I find,
 Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind,
 And I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
 And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen,
O then 'tis, O then I think no joy's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

3.

While alone to my self I repeat all her charms,
 She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms:
 She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
 To say all the kind things she before said to me.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

A 3

4. But

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind, without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.

*O then 'tis, O then I think no joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.*

The second Song in the Masque at Court.

1. **A** Lover I am, and a Lover I'll be,
And hope from my Love I shall never be
free.

Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sin of ill nature:
But he who loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousy's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the King's House.

1. **H**OW hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwhelm'd with despair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Despises our pity, and scoffs at our fear:
But if nothing but Death shall untie
Those fetters wherewith you enslave me,
For your sake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to die.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the sighs, and the groans
Of a poor distressed Lover dying,
And list to the cries of his pitiful moans:
When your Slave shall in triumph be led
To see the effects of good nature,
It shall for your honour be sed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

3. Though your heart be as cold as the ice is,
At one time or other you'll find,
That love has a thousand devices *mind.*
To banish cold thoughts from your scrupulous
Thy

Thy aid mighty *Jove* I implore,
 That thou to the fair one discover,
 The joys I have for her in store,
 Which she to her passionate Lover
 Will say, shee'll be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **C** *Loris*, let my passion ever,
 Be to you as I design :
 Flames so noble, that you never
 Saw the like till you knew mine.
2. Not a breath of feigned passion
 From my lips shall reach your ears ;
 Nor this love that's now in fashion;
 Made of modest sighs and tears.
3. In my breast a room so fitting
 For your heart I will prepare,
 That you'l never think of quitting,
 Were you once but harbour'd there.
4. The Rent's not great that I require
 From your heart, mine to repay :
 Fortitude's all I desire
 To keep your lodging from decay.

5. Fairest

5. Fairest Saint, then be not cruel,
Nor to love me count it sin;
Since a smile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When I am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage
Still my passion to admire.

The last Song at the Kings House.

1. **A** Wife I do hate,
For either she's false, or she's jealous;
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask or tell us:
She stands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Her love's for your Farms,
But takes the kind man at a venture.

2. If all prove not right,
Without Act, Process, or Warning,
From a Wife for a night
You may be divorc'd in the morning.
Where Parents are slaves
Their Brats cannot be any other;

Great Wits and great Braves
Have alwayes a Punk to their Mother.

A Song.

1. **W**Er'cthou but half so wise as thou art fair,
Thou would'st not need such courting,
'Twill prove a loss you'll ne'er repair,
Should you still defer your sporting.
This peevish *shall I, shall I*, you'll repent,
When your spring is over,
Beauties after—math—no kind friends hath
To gratifie a Lover.
2. Perhaps you may think 'tis a sin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth authorize you :
Though the Gods themselves sweet pleasure steal,
That to coynefs thus advise you.
Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
I'll kiss, although not have you,
'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks that inflave you.
3. I am sure you have heard of that Sprightly Dame
That with *Mars* so often traded,
Had the God but thought she had been to blame,
She had surely been degraded.

Nor

Nor is blind *Cupid* less esteemed
For the fly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain antiquity doth lie
Which made *Lucretia* squeamish;
For that which you call Chastity.
Upon her left a blemish:
For when her Paramour grew weak;
Her passion waxed stronger,
For the Lecherous Drab her self did stab
'Cause *Tarquin* staid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
You are lost if that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never shall come nigh me:
Hell for Vestals is a Cloyster.
I don't run doting thither,
For the pleasant shades are for her that trades:
Let's truck and go together.

A late Song by a Person of Quality.

1. **A** Las, what shall I do? I have taken on me now
To make a Song, I vow; O wo is me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not stand it out,
Though

Though I am put to th' rout, it must be : (foot
 Thou shalt do't, then stand to't, I'll set my Muse on
 With a good chirping Cup, (of wine
 There may some hidden Mine, spring from the juice
 Then take't and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I must have t'other too, (hic
 I claim it as my due, and must love't ;
 For where the Land is dry, the good Husband he doth
 To bring the water nigh to improve't.
 Here's the use of the Juice, open me then the sluice,
 And deny my wit in grain ;
 That Skull's ne'er empty that takes it in plenty,
 It's the only spring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may see what obedience is in me,
 I have done what may be to obey, (to boot,
 I have set my Muse on foot, with the sprightly grape
 Your Commands made me do't, they must sway :
 If my pate soon or late, shall bring forth some conceit,
 To you my wit I owe.
 If I do fall flat, its because, mark you that,
 I am a Cup to low.
 If I spake sense enough, or did speak but stuff,
 All is alike to me ;
 I'll never pause upon't, you were the cause on't,
 And that's my Apologie.

*Silvia. Made by a Person of Honour.
But the Answer and Reply lately added.*

Silvia, tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire :
Is there no end of your crueltie,
But must I consume in this fire ?
You'll not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleasure in seeing me languish
Ah Silvia pity my desperate state,
For you are the cause of my anguish :

Her ANSWER.

Damon, I tell thee I never shall be
In a humour to grant thy desire ;
Nor can I be tax'd with crueltie,
Having one that I more do admire.
For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing ;
No, *Damon*, you never shall be my Mate,
Then prethee, Friend, leave off thy wooing.

His

Silvia

His REPLY.

SILVIA know, I never shall more
 Be a Suitor to pride and disdain,
 Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
 Being now in the time of their waining :
 For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
 Then prethee take it for a warning,
 Whenever you meet with another mate,
 Faith *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **W** Here-ever I am, and whatever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my mind :
 When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find.
 Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more.
 Than, *Phillis* too fair and unkind.
 Than, *Phillis* too fair and unkind.
2. When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my brest,
 And the love I would stifle is shown,
 But asleep or wake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.

Sometimes a sweet dream does delude my sad mind,
 But alas when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone,
Then I sigh to my self all alone.

3. Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain,
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again:
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4. Alas! I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own power;
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

The Coy Lady slighted at last.

1. **P**oor *Celia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching eye she had,

Most

Westminster-Drollery.

Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
 Her lovely cheeks would make you mad :
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

2. Then many a doting Lover came,
 From seventeen unto twenty one :
 Each told her of his mighty flame,
 But she forsooth affected none ;
This was not handsome, t'other was not fine ;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

3. But t'other day it was my fate
 To pass along that way alone :
 I saw no Coach before her Gate,
 But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **W**orld thou art so wicked grown,
 That thy deceits I must disown,
 Since Knaves from honest men cannot be known,
 So general is Distraction :

2. Men

2. Men that are grave and should be wise,
In their opinions are so precise,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting some other faction.

Conventicles are grown so rife,
Whose followers are so many,
There's so much gathered for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers cannot get any.

Wit without money is such a curse,
No Mortal would be in its Clutches:
And he that hath one without t'other is worse
Than a Cripple without his Crutches.

A Song by a Person of Quality.

HOld, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm cast in a Trance,
If an inch more you give,
I'm not able to live,
Then draw back your Lance.

So now 'tis pretty well my Love,
Yet if you will,
You may somewhat further shove,
But do not kill.

I die, I die, my breath's almost gone;
Pray let me sleep, and I'll wake anon.

A Rhodomantade on his cruel Mistress.

SEek not to know a woman; for she's worse
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curse.
Were she but ugly, pævish, proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd or painted, so she were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging still she but a VVoman is:
But she is worse, and may in time forestal,
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A SONG. A Dialogue between two Friends.

Tune, How severe is forgetful old age.

R.

HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
VVhilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight are another mans right,
VVho is happy whilst I am in pain.

W.

2. Since her honour affords no relief,
As to pity the pains which you bear,

It's the best of your Fate in a helpless estate,
To give over betimes to despair.

R.

3. I have tried the false Medicine in vain,
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,
From without my desires has no food to its fires,
But it burns and consumes me within.

W.

4. Yet at best it's a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

R.

5. O you Powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie,
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

W.

6. What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true after fate will renew,
For the souls do meet freely above.

A SONG call'd *The Injur'd Lady.*

1. O You powerful Gods, if I must be
An injur'd Offering to Loves Deity,

B 2

Grant

Grant my Revenge, this Plague on men,
That Women ne'r may love agen.

*Then I'll with joy submit unto my Fate,
Which by your Justice gives your Empire date.*

2. Depose that great insulting Tyrant Boy,
Who most is pleas'd when he does most destroy :
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By such a blind and childish Deity.

*For if you Gods are in your Power severe,
We shall adore you not for Love but Fear.*

3. But if you'l his Divinity maintain,
('Tis men, false men, confirm his tott'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greatest torment prove
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.

*Thus scorn'd and lost to all their wish for aim,
Let rage, despair, and death consume their flame.*

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my Joy.*

1. **C**OME live with me, and be my Whore,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'l sit and louse us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouse us,

And

And if they'l give us no relief,
Thou shalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.
Thou shalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.

2. If thou canst rob, then I can steal,
 And we'l eat Roast-meat every meal :
 Nay, we'l eat White-bread every day,
 And throw our mouldy Crusts away,
And then at night I'l kiss my Punk.
And then at night I'l kiss my Punk.

3. And when we both shall have the Pox,
 We then shall want both Shirts and Smocks;
 To shift each others mangy hide,
 That is with Itch so pockifi'd ;
 VVe'l take some clean ones from a hedge;
And leave our old ones for a pledge.
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **H**ow severe is forgetful old age,
 To confine a poor Lover so,
 That I almost despair to see even the air,
Much more my dear Damon, hey ho.

B 3

2. Though

2. Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
 Yet I am trac'd where-ever I go, (me
 That some treacherous Tree keeps this old man from
 And there he counts every *hey ho*.

3. How shall I this *Argus* blind,
 And so put an end to my wo?
 But whilst I beguile all his frowns with a smile,
 I betray my self with a *hey ho*.

4. My restraint then, alas, must endure;
 So that since my sad doom I know,
 I will pine for my Love like the Turtle-Dove,
 And breath out my life in *hey ho*.

A Song at the King's House.

1. **N**Ever perswade me to't, I vow
 I live not; How canst thou
 Expect a life in me,
 Since my Soul is fled to thee?
 You suppose because I walk,
 And you think talk,
 I therefore breath, alas, you know
 Shades as well as men do so.

2. You

2. You may argue I have hear,
 My pulses beat,
 My sighs have in them living fire.
 Grant your Argument be truth,
 Such heats my youth
 Inflame, as poysons do only prepare
 To make death their follower.

A Song.

Farewel, farewell fond love, under whose childish
 I have serv'd out a weary Prenticeship. (whip
 Farewel, thou that hast made me thy scorn'd proper-
 To dote on those that lov'd not, (ty,
 And to fly those that woo'd me :
 Go bane of my content, and practise on some other
 (Patient.

2. My woful Monument shall be a Cell,
 The murmur of the purling Brook my knell;
 And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall groan
 Eternally : if any ask this Stone,
 What wretched thing doth in this compass lie,
The hollow Echo shall reply, 'Tis I, 'Tis I.
The hollow Echo shall reply, 'Tis I.

Farewel, farewell.

A Song at the King's House.

1. **H**Ave I not told thee, dearest mine,
That I destroy'd should be?
Unhappy, though the crime was thine,
And mine the misery :
Thou art not kind, ther's none so blind
As those that will not see.
2. Have I not sigh'd away my breath
In homage to thy beauty :
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone you'll ne'r have one
That will prove half so true t' ye.
3. Have I not steep'd my soul in tears,
When thou didst hardly mind it?
But rather added to my fears,
When love should have declin'd it;
Which in this breast, I hope for rest;
But now despair to find it.
4. O that I could but sound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind :
Then would I search thy better part,
And force thee to be kind :

But

But now I'm lost, and here am crost,
'Tis they that hide must find.

4. If pity then within thy heart
Doth own a residence,
Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence :
Then when I'm dead, it may be said,
'Twas love was my offence.

5. But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to die thy Slave :
Then exercise those killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave:

A Song.

Love, fare thee well,
Since no love can dwell
In thee, that in hatred dost all excel.

2. All Love is blind,
Yet none more unkind,
Than those that repay Love with a proud mind.

3. Love

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since she doth laugh, when I do repine.

*Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.*

A Song.

1. **M**Any declare what torments there are,
Yet none ever felt so much of despair:
No love can tell how high my griefs swell.
Q curs'd be the pride that reduc'd me to Hell.
 2. My heart is on fire, whilst I do admire
That you with disdain requite my desire:
All must cease, that my flames may increase,
And curs'd be the pride that murther'd my peace.
-

A Song at the Kings House.

BRight *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that first did me surprize;
The Gods use seldom to dispense
To your Sex Beauty and Conscience:

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If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me, but you :
Sure 'tis no crime to break a Vow,
When we are first I know not how.

2. You press me an unusual way,
To make my Song my Love betray :
Yet fear you'll turn it to a jest,
And use me as y^e have done the rest
Of those sad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame :
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you pursue,

3. If love be sin, why live you then
To make so many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of Art
To make a Brest-plate for the heart :
Since 'tis your eyes Loves Shafts convey
Into our souls a secret way ;
Where if once fixt, no Herb nor Charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1. **A**LI the flatteries of Fate,
 And the glories of State,
 Are nothing so sweet as what Love doth create :
 If Love you deny,
 'Tis time I should die ;
 Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

2. In some shady Grove
 Will I wander and rove,
 With *Philomel* and the Disconsolate Dove :
 With a down-hanging wing
 Will I mournfully sing
 The Tragick events of Unfortunate Love.

3. With our plaints we'l conspire
 For to heighten Loves fire ,
 Still vanquishing life, till at last we expire :
 But when we are dead,
 In a cold leafy bed
 Be interr'd with the Dirge of this desolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **L**ove that is skrew'd a pitch too high,
May speak, but with a squeeze will die :
The solid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his Vow :
Small sorrows may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burst than speak.
Such is my fortune when my *Flora* frowns,
Not only me, but she the world will drown.

2. Thus am I drench'd in misery,
Yet hope she may be kind to me :
I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain
Those kindnesses which I'd be glad to gain,
She'll surely do't: if so, it shall be known
I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.
Thus will I live and die, and so will be
Exemplary to all Posterity.

A Song.

1. **W**hat care I though the world reprove
My bold, my over-daring love :
Ignoble minds themselves exempt
From int'rest in a brave attempt.

2. The

2. The Eagle soaring to behold
 The Sun aray'd in flames of gold,
 Regards not though she burns her wings,
 Since that rich sight such pleasure brings.

3. So feel I now my smiling thought
 To such a resolution brought,
 That it contemns all grief and smart,
 Since I so high have plac'd my heart.

4. And if I die, some worthy Spirits
 To future times shall sing my merits,
 That easily did my life despise,
 Yet ne'r forlook my enterprise.

5. Then shine bright Sun, and let me see
 The glory of thy Majesty:
 I wish to die, so I may have
 Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. **B**urn and consume, burn wretched heart,
 Unhappy in extremes thou art:
 If dying looks serve not thy turn,
 To say thy Beauty makes me burn,

2. From

2. From thoughts inflam'd pale colours fume
Into my face, and it consume :

O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face lets know,

3. Yet will not tell who murders thee,
But yet will still a Lover be :

Who hides my Phenix eyes, that she,
Whom I adore thus cannot see,

4. How I for her am made a prey
To sorrow: and do pine away :

O foolish custom and vile use,
My silence now deserves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes House.

O Fain would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy ;
That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone :
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours.
Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom Friend,

Be sure you know your servant well,
 Before your liberty you sell:
 For love's a fire in young and old,
 'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
 And men you know that when they please,
 They can be sick of Loves disease.
 Then wisely chuse a Friend that may
 Last for an age, and not a day;
 Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
 But for thy mutual sympathy.
 Let such a Friend thy heart engage,
 For he will comfort thee in age,
 And kiss thy furrow'd wrinkled brow
 VVith as much joy as I do now.

*A Song called, And to each pretty Lass we will give
 a green Gown.*

I. **T**HUS all our life long we are frolick and gay,
 And instead of Court-revels, we merrily play
 At Trap, at Rules, and at Barly-break run:
 At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
 These innocent sports, we'l laugh and lie down,
*And to each pretty Lass
 We will give a green Gown.*

2. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry :
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant's our Quarry :
The nimble Squirrils with cudgels we'l chase,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glas.
And when we have done, &c.

3. About the *May*-pole we dance all in a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd :
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord and the bright Lady o'th' *May*.
And when we have done, &c.

A Song.

1. **O**N the bank of a Brook as I sat fishing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side :
I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing,
No time nor fortune their Love might divide.
*To Cupid and Venus each offer'd a Vow,
To love ever as they lov'd now.*

2. O, said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, What a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone ?
Love must be secret, for like fairy treasure,
When 'tis discover'd 'twill quickly be gone.
*For Envy and Jealousie, if it will stay,
Would, alas soon make it decay.*

C

3. Then

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
 Said the Nymph, smiling, and gave him her hand
 All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
 In some fair Defart we'll seek a new Land,
And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
And a World to each other we'll be.

A Song.

1. **C**ellamina, of my heart
 None shall e're bereave you :
 If by your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day
 I will never kave you.

2. Passion's but an empty name,
 Where respect is wanting;
Damon, you mistake your aim,
 Hang your heart, and dam your flame,
 If you must be ranting.

3. Love as pale and muddy is,
 As decaying Liquor :
 Anger sets it on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works it quicker.

4. Love by anger to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physician wit,
Who to cure an ague fit,
Puts me in a Feavour.

5. Anger rowseth Love to fight,
And its only bait is,
'Tis the guide to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite
When desire at height is.

6. If such drops of heat do fall,
In our wooing weather,
If such drops of heat do fall,
We shall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

A Song at the Kings house.

Beneath a Mirtle shade,
Which none but Love for happy Lovers made,
I slept, and streight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought.
Undrest she came, my flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet :
Flowers, that so prest by her, became more sweet.

2. From the bright Virgins head,
 A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread :
 From her white Temple fell her shady hair,
 Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair,
 Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
 Her every Grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, that languish with desire.

3. Ah charming Fair, said I,
 How long can you my bliss deny ?
 By nature and by Love this lovely shade
 Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made
 Silence and shades with Love agree.
 Both shelter you and favour me :
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

4. No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid.
 Faintly methought she spoke ; for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
 Then die, said I : She still denied,
 And yet, *Thus, thus* she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid, and so she died.

5. I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true.
 Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two.
 I fancy I had done what *Phillis* would not do,

Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep or waking, I must ease my pain.

The disconsolate Lover.

1. **A**S I lay all alone on my bed slumbring,
Thinking my restless soul to repose,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring
Up her disdainings, the cause of my woes ;
That so encreast my dolour and pain,
I fear I never shall see her again :
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.
2. When this fair cruel She I first saw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cause of my doleful complaint,
That all my joys are quite fled and gone:
And I in sorrow am now left alone :
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.
3. Then farewell ev'ry thing that sounds like pleasure,
And welcome Death the cure of my smart.

I deem'd first sight of her, I grasp'd a treasure;
 But wo is me, it has broken my heart:
 For now my Passing-bell calls away,
 And I with her no longer must stay:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

The subtil and coy Girl.

The Tune, Silvia tell me how long it will be.

1. **W**Hy should my *Celia* now be coy,
 In denying to yield me those Graces
 Which we did formerly both enjoy
 In our amorous mutual embraces?
 She'll not give me a reason,
 But shews me a frown
 Is enough to destroy a poor Lover.
 Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
 But now I my folly discover.

2. Is it because I have been so kind
 At all times to feed thy desire
 In Presents and Treats, thou hast chang'd thy mind,
 And left me like Dun in the Mire?
 Or else is't because thou dost
 Think my Estate
 Is too mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?

Know *Celia*, 'tis not so much out of date
To force me endure so much slav'ry.

3, Or is't because thou wilt follow the mode,
Since most are addicted to changing,
Thou'dst only get thee a name abroad,
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore advise thee be wary,
When ever thou getst thee a Mate to thy mind,
He'l play thee the same sagary.

The Drawing of Valentines
The tune, *Madams Fig.*

1. **T** Here was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A Crew on *S. Valentines* Eve did meet together,
And every Lad had his particular Lads there,
And drawing of *Valentines* caused their
Coming thither.
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* first, Sir.
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain a drawn *John* an' she
Durst, Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next, Sir;
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing of *William*,
Was vex'd, Sir.

C 4

3, They

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
 And each did promise them to draw 'em fair Sir :
 But *Mrs. Hester* vow'd that she had rather
 Draw *Mr. Kester* then any that was there Sir :
 So *Mr. Kester* drew with *Mrs. Hester* then Sir :
 And *Mrs. Hester* drew *Mr. Kester* agen Sir :
 And *Mr. Harry* drew *Mrs. Mary* featly,
 And *Mrs. Mary* did draw *Mr. Harry* as neatly.

3. They all together then resolved to draw Sir,
 And every one desir'd to draw their Friend Sir ;
 But *Mr. Richard* did keep 'em so in aw Sir,
 And told 'em then they ne're should make an
 end Sir,

So *Mr. Richard* drew *Mrs. Bridget* squarely,
 And *Mrs. Bridget* drew *Mr. Richard* as fairly :
 But *Mr. Hugh* drew *Mrs. Su* but silyly,
 And *Mrs. Su* did draw *Mr. Hugh* as wily.

4. Thus have you heard o'th' twelve that lately drew
 Sir, (Sir:
 How every one would fain their Friend have drawn
 And now there's left to draw but four o'th crew Sir,
 And each did promise his Lads an ell of Lawn Sir.
 So *Mr. Watty* drew *Mrs. Katy* but slightly,
 And *Mrs. Katy* did draw *Mr. Watty* as lightly :
 But *Mr. Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* too fast Sir.
 Made *Mrs. Annis* to draw *Mr. Thomas* at last Sir.

4. And

5. And there is an end, and an and, and an end of my
Song, Sir,

Of *Jonne* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir,
To *Kester* and *Hester*, and *Harry* and *Mary* belong Sir,
Both *Richard* and *Bridget*, and *Hugh*, and honest *Sue*,
Sir,

But *Watty* and *Katy*, and *Thomas* and *Annis* here, Sir.
Are the only four that now do bring up the Rear
Sir:

Then ev'ry one i'th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And staid till drawing there had fill'd their brain,
Sir.

*A late and true story of a furious Scold, served
in her kind.*

The tune, *Step stately.*

1. **W**As ever man so vex'd with a Trull,
As I poer *Anthony* since I was wed,
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have supp'd, I must hasten to bed:
Or else she'l begin to scold and to brawl,
And to call me *Puppy* and *Cuckold* and all
Yet she with her *Cronies* must trole it about,
Whilest I in my *Kennel* must snore it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
 But she in a trice did fetch me away :
 We both but two pence a piece did spend,
 Yet it prov'd to me Execution day ;
 For she flew in my face, and call'd me fool,
 And comb'd my head with a three-legg'd stool :
 Nay, she furnisht my face with so many scratches.
 That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches
3. Whatever money I get in the day,
 To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
 Or else shall license her tongue to play
 For two or three hours just like a spright.
 Then to the Cupbord Pilgarlick must hie,
 To seek for some Crusts that have long lain dry :
 So I steep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
 And commonly this is the Supper I get.
4. And once a month, for fashion sake,
 She gives me leave to come to her bed ;
 But most that time I must lie awake,
 Lest she in her fits should knock me o'th' head.
 But for the Bed I do lie on my self,
 You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken shelf ;
 For the Tick it is made of Hempen-hurds :
 And yet for all this I must give her good words.

5. We commonly both do piss in a Pan,
But the Cullender once was set in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc'e it out on my stomach and face.
I told her then she urin'd beside,
But she cay'd me Rogue, and told me I lied,
And swore it was not up to her thumb,
Then threw she the pan in the middle of the room.

6. Then a Maid that was my Sweet heart before
Did come to the house to borrow a Pail:
I kist her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But she flew in her face with tooth and nail:
But the Wench she stood to her, and claw'd her about,
That for a whole fortnight she never stirr'd out;
For her eyes were so swell'd, and her face was so tore
That I never saw Jade so mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
A Sovereign Water sent her that day,
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury steep'd in Whey:
I dropt it in and nointed her face,
Which brought her into a most Devillish case:
For she tore and she ranted, and well she might;
For a'ter that time she ne'e had sight.

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
 To lead her about from place to place :
 And now 'tis, *Husband, I hope you are well* ;
 But before it was *Cucko'd* and *Rogue* to my face ;
 Then blest be that *Henbane* and *Mercury* strong,
 That made such a change in my wives tongue.
 You see 'tis a Medicine certain and sure,
 For the cure of a Scold, but I'll say no more.

A Song on the Declensions.
 The tune is, *Shackle de bay.*

MY Mistris she is fully known
 To all the five declensions,
 She'll seize 'em singly one by one,
 To take their true Dimensions.
 She ne'er declin'd yet any man,
 Yet they'll decline her now and then,
 In spite of her Inventions.

2: First *Musa* is her Mothers name,
 And *hec* does still attend her :
 She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
 Though *huic* be but slender :
 Yet she'll have a *hanc* on every man,
 And *hac* him to do what he can,
 Unless they do befriend her.

3: *Magister* was her Father too,
And *hic* is still his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son also,
And *Dominus* her Grandfire:
Nay *Lucus*, *Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'll call 'em *hunc*'s, I and *hoc*'s 'em too,
Do all that e'er they can Sir.

4. Next she's to *lapis* very kind,
As honest *hic* has sed Sir;
For she's to precious stones inclin'd
Full long before she was wed Sir.
Which made her Parents often say,
That *hic* and *hac* both night and day,
Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a Cane,
Though he did often hand her
From *Whetstones-Park* to *Parkers-Lane*,
And was her constant Pandor.
Yet give him *mani* buffes when
That she could get no other men,
That he could not withstand her.

6. 'Bout noon she'd with *Meridies* dine,
And sup, and bed him too Sir:
She'd make poor *facies* to her incline,
In spite of all he could do Sir.

She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which set poor *acies* teeth an edge,
And often made him spew Sir,

7. Thus have I shew'd her Kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *Musa*, *Lapis*, *Magister*,
And all their antick fashions.
Meridies, *Manus*, and *Felix* too
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her stations.

A Song of the three degrees of comparison.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the sway.*

MY Mistris she loves Dignities,
For she has taken three degrees :
There's no comparison can be made
With her in all her subtile Trade.
She's positively known a Whore,
And superlatively runs on score.

2. And first I *Positive* her call,
'Cause she'll be absolute in all :
For she's to *durus* very hard,
And with sad *tristis* often jarr'd :

Which

Which happily made *Felix* say,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next she's call'd *Comparative*,
For she'l compare to any alive,
For scolding, whoring, and the rest :
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breast :
she'l drink more hard than *durior*.
Though he would harder drink before.

4. Then she's call'd *Superlative* ;
'Cause she'l her Pedigree derive ,
Not from *Potens* or *Potentior*,
The Mighty, or the Mightier :
But from *Potentiissimus*,
Not *bonus*, *melior*, but *Optimus*.

5. Thus have I shew'd my Mistress t'ye,
And gradually in each degree :
How shew is *Positive* to some,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her self will fall.

The kind Husband, but imperious Wife.

The first part of the Tune his, and the latter part hers.

M.

1. **W**ife, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And sit thee down by me :
There's never a man in the Land now
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to sit by such a Drone,
Thou liest like a Hog in my Bed :
I had better a lain alone,
For I still have my Maiden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what wouldst thou have me to do now,
I think I have plaid the man :
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more than you can ?
You lie like a Fool God wot :
When I thought to have found thee a man.
I found thee a fumbling Sor.

M.

5. Wife, prethee now leave off thy ranting;
And let us both agree;
There's nothing else shall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man;
And a Saddle-Horse to ride;
I also will have a Sedan,
And a Footman to run by my side.

M.

7. Thou shalt have all this, my dear wife,
And thou shalt bear the sway,
And I'll provide thee good chear, wife,
'Gainst thou com'st from the Park or a Play:

W.

8. I'll have every month a new Gown,
And a Peticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the modishest Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

M.

9. Thou shalt have this too, my sweet wife,
If thou'dst contented be,
Or any thing else that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

10. I will have a *Gallant* or two,
And they shall be handsom men;

D

And

And I'll make you to know your Cue,
When they come in and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's to few, wife,
Thou shalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'dst be true, wife,
Although thou hadst half a score.

W.

12. I will have as many as I please,
In spite of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the *Pocky Disease*,
'Tis thou shalt empty my stool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen-fac'd Harlor,
I'll make you to change your note,
And if ever I find you snarl at
My actions, I'll bang your Coat.

14. Nay, I'll make you to wait, you Flaps,
At Table till I have din'd,
And I'll leave you nothing but scraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *Pecavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon, and hope to prevail.

For now I will lie at your foot,
Desiring to kiss your hand:
Nay, cast off my Gallants to boot,
And still be at your command.

A Song at the Dukes House.

1. **M**Ake ready, fair Lady, to night,
And stand at the door below:
For I will be there to receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.
 2. And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly, ere the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.
-

A Song at the Kings House.

1. **T**O little or no purpose have I spent all my days
In ranging the *Park*, th' *Exchange*, & the *Plays*;
Yet ne'r in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
*But O how I'm pleas'd when I think of the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!*

2. How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Feaver, when I should be well :
 My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
 And yet I would give all the world he did know it.
*But, O how I sigh, when I think, should he woo me,
 That I cannot deny what I know will undo me !*
-

A Song, The Tune, Robin Rowser.

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
 And I love little *Mary* :
 In spite of *Cis*, or jealous *Bess*,
 I'll have my own vagary.

2. My Love is blithe and bucksome,
 And sweet and fine as can be :
 Fresh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
 And looks like *Jackadandy*.

3. And if she will not have me,
 That am so true a Lover,
 I'll drink my Wine, and ne'r repine,
 And down the stairs I'll shove her.

4. But if that she will love,
 I'll be as kind as may be ;

I'll give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Peticoat of Satin,
Her Gown of Crimson Taby,
Lac'd up before and spangled o're,
Just like a *Bartlemew Baby*.

6. Her Waistcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together,
Her Stockins of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her Shoes of Spanish Leather.

7. Her Smock o'th' finest Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter :
Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8. Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together :
So come home when we have done,
In spite of wind and weather:

9. The Fiddlers shall attend us,
And first play, *John come kiss me* ;
And when that we have danc'd a round,
They shall play, *Hit or miss me*.

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
 'Tis she I love alone Sir :
 Let any man do what he can,
 I will have her or none Sir.

These following are to be understood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail
 I saw a blazing Comet, drop down hail
 I saw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round
 I saw a sturdy Oak, creep on the ground
 I saw a Pismire, swallow up a Whale
 I saw a raging Sea, brim full of Ale
 I saw a Venice Glass, sixteen foot deep
 I saw a Well, full of mens tears that weep
 I saw their Eyes, all in a flame of fire
 I saw a House, as big as the Moon and higher
 I saw the Sun, even in the midst of night
 I saw the Man that saw this wondrous sight.

*On the Sea-fight with the Hollanders in the
 Rumps time.*

MY wishes greet the Navy of the Dutch,
 The English Fleet I all good fortune grutch,
 May

May no storm tofs *Van Trump* and his Sea-Forces,
The Harp and Cross shall have my daily curses,
Smile gentle Fates on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States the Plagues of *Egypt* fall;
Attend all health the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth I value not a fart.

Thus I my wishes and my prayers divide
Between the Rebels and the Regicide:
Backwards and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at last will be so kind,
That the old Proverb may but wheel about,
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall out.

The Answer to Ask me no more whither doth stray.

1. **I**'LL tell you true whither doth stray
The darkness which succeeds the day;
For Heavens vengeance did allow
It still should frown upon your Brow.

2. I'll tell you true where may be found
A voice that's like the Screech-Owls sound:
For in your false deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'll tell you true whither doth pass
The smiling look seen in the glass,
For in your face 't reflects and there
False as your shadow doth appear.

4. I'll tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thistle-down:
It flies into your mind, whose care
Is to be light as Thistles are.

5. I'll tell you true within what Nest
The Cuckow lays her eggs to rest;
It is your Bosom, which can keep
Nor him nor them: Farewel, I'll sleep.

*A Dialogue between William and Harry
Riding on the Way.*

H.

1. **N**Oble, lovely, virtuous Creature,
Purposely so fram'd by nature,
To inthral your servants wits.

W.

2. Time must now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deserts,
But because methinks it fits.

H.

3. Dearest treasure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought,
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be so, and so appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is fairest, when it is clearest.

W.

6. Lest in clouds and in deferring,
We resemble Seamen erring,
Farthest off when we are nearest.

H.

7. Thus with numbers interchanged,
William's Muse and mine have ranged,
Verse and Journy both are spent.

W.

8. And if *Harry* chance to say,
That we well have spent the day,
I for my part am content.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Mistress.

1. **Y**OU meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?
2. You curious Chanters of the Wood, '
 - That warble forth Dame Nature's Lays,
 - Thinking your voices understood
 - By their weak accents, What's your praise
 - When Philomel her voice shall raise?*
3. You Violets that first appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?
4. So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be than a Queen;
And I believe she was design'd
T' eclipse the Glory of her kind.

A Description of the Spring.

ANd now all Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty Sun began to move:
Now Juyce did stir th' embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled Flie;
Then stood my Friend with Patient skill,
Attending of his trembling Quill.
Already were the Eaves possesst
With the swift Pilgrims dawbed Nest;
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomel's* triumphing voice;
The Showrs were short, the Weather mild,
The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd:
Jone takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now
She trips to meet the Sand-red Cow,
Where for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain
Jone stroaks a Syllabub or twain:
The Fields and Gardens were beset
VVith Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose:
Thus all lookt gay, all full of chear,
To welcom this new liv'ried Year.

On a Shepherd losing his Mistress.

Tune, Amongst the Myrtles as I walk'd.

1. **S**Tay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd stay :
Didst thou not see her run this way ?
Where may she be, canst thou not guess ?
Alas ! I've lost my Shepherdess.

2. I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the shade :
Then woe is me, for I'm undone,
For in the shade she was my Sun.

3. In Summer heat were she not seen,
No solitary Vale was green :
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where she treads.

4. Hush'd were the senseless Trees when she
Sate but to keep them company :
The silver streams were swell'd with pride,
When she sate singing by their side.

5. The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose
Strive to salute her where she goes ;

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And then contend to kiss her Shoo,
The Pancy and the Daizy too.

6. But now I wander on the Plains,
Forsake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

7. For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosom of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

8. Next do I fly unto the Woods;
Where *Flora* pranks her self with Buds,
Thinking to find her there : But lo !
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

9. Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome sweet Death and Destiny.

The Soldiers Resolution.

And **H**ere stands the man that for his Countreys good
Has with couragious Arms in sweat and blood
Ran

Ran through an Host of Pikes : He, he I was
 Out-dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Brass,
 Kickt my black Stars, spurn'd Balls of fire with scor.
 Like to a Foot-ball in a frosty morn ;
 Made Death to tremble, and have bid my Drum
 Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly scum.
 And shall I now like a Pedantick stand,
 Scraping and crouching with my Cap in hand
 To base-born Peasants ? No, he's but a Worm
 That strikes his Top-sail to a little Storm.

Here then I'll fix, that nothing shall controul
 The Resolutions of a Gallant Soul.

On the Golden Cross in Cheapside.

TWO Fellows gazing at the Cross in Cheap,
 Says one, Methinks it is the rarest heap
 Of Stone that e're was built ; it ought, I see,
 One of the Wonders of the World to be,
 No, says the other, and began to swear,
 The Crosses of the World no Wonders are.

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On

On a Pretender to Gentility, suspected to be a Highway-man.

A Great Pretender to Gentility,
Came to a Herald for his Pedigree:
Beginning there to swagger, roar, and swear,
Requir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
The Herald knowing what he was, begun
To rumble o'r his Heraldry; which done,
Told him he was a Gentleman of note,
And that he had a very glorious Coat.
Prethee, what is't? quoth he, and here's your fees.
Sir, says the Herald, 'tis two Rampant Trees,
One Couchant; add to give it further scope,
A Ladder Passant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blue-coat Sleeves,
There is a Bird i'th' Crest that strangles Thieves.

A Song.

1. **A** Blich and bonny Country Lass
Sate sighing on the tender Grass,
And weeping said, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy; a licher Swain,
On That had a mind her love to gain,
VVith smiling looks straight came unto her.
2. VVhen

2. When as the wanton Girl espied
The means to make her self a Bride,
She simper'd much like bonny *Nell*,
The Swain that saw her very kind,
His Arms about her body twin'd,
And said, Fair Lass, how fare ye, well?
3. The Country Lass said, Well forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, says he, what gars thy grief?
A wound, says she, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid shall die.
4. If that be all, the Shepherd said,
I'll make thee Wive it, gentle Maid,
And so recure thy Malady:
On which they kist, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God *Pan* did plight their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.
5. And *Jove* send every pretty Peat,
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at last:
Then Maids shall never long again,
When they find ease for such a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is past.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be Life, I long to die ;
 I Live they that list for me ,
 And he that gains the most thereby.
 A fool at least shall be.

But he that feels the forest fits,
 Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love do entertain.

2. In day by feigned Looks they live,
 By lying Dreams in night:
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
 Each smile a false delight.

If hap their Lady pleasant seem,
 It is for others love they deem :
If void she seem of joy, disdain doth make her coy.

4. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
 Such is the Life they lead,
 Blown here and there with every wind,
 Like Flowers in the Mead.

Now war, now peace, then war again,
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain,
Though dead, in midst of life ; in peace, and yet at strife.

A Song.

I Serve *Amynta* whiter than the snow,
 Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the Glass,
 More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
 More pleasant than the Field of flow'ring Grass;
 More gladfom to my with'ring joys that fade,
 Than Winters Sun, or Summers cooling Shade.

2. Sweeter than swelling Grape of ripest Vine;
 Softer than feathers of the fairest swan,
 Smoother than Jet, more stately than the Pine,
 Fresher than Poplar, smaller than my span,
 Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed Beam,
 Or Icy Crust of Crystals-frozen streams.

3. Yet is the curster than the Bear by kind,
 And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
 More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
 More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
 Lo thus my service is a lasting sore;
 Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

The Description of Love, in a Dialogue between two
Shepherds, Will and Tom.

Tom.

1. **S**hepherd, what's Love, I prethee tell ?

Will.

It is that fountain and that Well
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell ;
It is perhaps that sauncing Bell
That toles All-in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee say ?

W.

It is a work on Holy-day :
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
When lusty Bloods in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of their play ;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

3. Yet what is Love, I pray be plain ?

W.

It is a Sun-shine mixt with Rain ;
It is a Tooth-ach, or worse pain ;
It is a Game, where none doth gain ;
It is a thing turmoils the brain :
And this is Love, as I hear sayen.

E 2

4. Yet

T.

4. Yet Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,

A pretty kind of sporting fray;

It is a thing will soon away,

For 'twill not long with any stay:

And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

5. Yet what is Love, good Shepherd show?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;

A prize that passeth to and fro,

A thing for one, a thing for moe,

And he that loves shall find it so:

And Shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

*A Song call'd Loves Lottery.**At the Dukes House.*

RUn to Loves Lottery, run Maids, and rejoice,
 Whilst seeking your chance, you meet your
 own Choice,

And boast that your luck you helpt with design,
 By praying cross-legg'd to S. Valentine.

Har

Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets sound
Tanta,ra,ra,Tanta,ra,ra,Tanta,ra,ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, Prizes abound ;
Dub a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, Echo repeats,
As if the God of War had made
Loves Queen a Skirmish for a Serenade.
Haste, haste, fair Maids, and come away,
The Priest attends, the Bridegrooms stay :
Roses and Pinks will we strow where you go,
Whilst I walk in Shades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did slay me
Be but so kind, so gentle to lay me
There where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges sing,
Where sweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom, which is all my Joy.*

2. **P**Oor *Cloris* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down ;
Such weakly drops may well suffice,
To be the ransom of a Crown :

E 3

And

And as she wept, she sigh'd, and said,
*Alas for me unhappy Maid,
 That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.*

2. When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
 Met with the Author of my wo,
 Methoughts our Souls did sympathize,
 And it was death to say him no.
 He sa'd, I granted; O then besel
 My shame, which I'me afraid to tell!
Ay me that I had never lov'd so well.

3, O had I been so wise as not
 T'have yielded up my Virgin-Fort,
 My life had been without a blot,
 And dar'd the envy of Report;
 But now my guilt hath made me be
 A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the Bug and Mark of Misery.

4. Here now in sorrow do I sit,
 And pensive thoughts possess my breast!
 My silly heart with cares is split,
 And grief denies me wonted rest:
 Come then black night and screen me round,
 That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears, in tears of sorrow drown'd.

On Men escap'd drowning in a Tempest.

1. **R**ocks, Shelves, and Sands, and all farewell:
Fie, who would dwell in such a Hell
As is a Ship; which drunk doth reel,
Taking salt Healths from Deck to Keel.

2. Up we are swallowed in wet graves,
All fous'd in Waves, by *Neptune's* Slaves:
What shall we do, being tost to Shore,
Milk someblind Tavern, and there roar?

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to sail on Land;
For being well mann'd, we can cry, Stand:
The Trade of purfing ne're shall fail,
Until the Hangman crys, Strike Sail.

On a great Heat in Egypt.

I Formerly in Countreys oft have been
Under the *Æquinoctial*, where I've seen
The Sun disperse such a prodigious Heat,
That made our Sieve-like Skins to rain with Sweat:
Men would have given for an Eclipse their lives.
Or one whisper of Air: yet each man strives

To throw up grass, feathers, nay, women too,
 To find the Wind : all falls like Lead, none blew.
 The Dog-star spits new fires, till't come to pass,
 Each man became his neighbours Burning glass :
 Lean men did turn to ashes presently,
 Fat men did roast to lean anatomy :
 Young womens heat did get themselves with child
 For none but they themselves, themselves defil'd.
 Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
 And only rubbing one another, burn'd :
 The Beasts were bak'd, skin turn'd to crust they say,
 And fishes in the River boil'd away :
 Birds in the air were roasted, and not burn'd ;
 For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a mighty Rain.

H Eaven did not weep, but in its swelling eye
 Whole seas of Rheum and moist Catarhs did lie,
 Which so bespawl'd the lower world, men see
 Corn blasted, and the fruit of every Tree :
 Air was condens'd to water, 'gainst their wish,
 And all their Fowl were turn'd to flying Fish :
 Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a Fare,
 And thought it had been navigable air :
 Beasts lost their natural motion of each limb;
 Forgot to go, with practising to swim.

A Trout now here, you would not think how soon
Ta'ne ready drest for th' Empress of the Moon :
The fixed Stars, though to our eyes were missing,
We knew yet were, by their continual hissing.
Women seem'd Maremaids, sailing with the wind,
The greatest miracle was Fish behind :
But men are all kept short against their wish,
And could commit but the cold sin of Fish.

The blunt Lover.

MAdam, I cannot court your sprightly eyes
With a Base-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot lisp, nor to the Guittar sing,
And tire my brains with simple Sonnetting,
I am not fashion'd for these amorous times,
And cannot court you in lascivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look : I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor dally, swear, protest, lie, rant, and vaper,
I cannot kiss your hand, play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are most fair :
I cannot cross my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man ! All this is foppery.
Nor can I Masquerade, as th' fashion's now,
No, no, My heart to these can never bow :

But

But what I can do, I shall tell you roundly,
Hark in your ear ; By *Jove* I'll kiss you soundly.

On a Watch lost in a Tavern.

A Watch lost in a Tavern ! That's a Crime ;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.
The Watch kept Time ; and if Time will away,
I see no reason why the Watch should stay.
You say the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a Pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket too.

A Song, with the Latine to it.

VVhen as the Nightingale chanted her Vesper,
And the wild Forresters couch'd on the
ground,
Venus invited me in the Evenings whisper
Unto a fragrant Field with Roses crown'd,
Where she before had sent her wishes complement,
Which to her hearts content plaid with me on the
Green :
Never *Mark Anthony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian Queen*.

The

The Latin.

CAntu Luscinia somnum irritat,
 Salvi vagi sunt in Cabilibus:
 Hoc me silentio Venus invitat,
 Ad viridarium fragrantius;
 Ubi promiserat, qui mentem flexerat
 Gaudia temperat sic mihi solida.
 O non dux Amasius lussit beatius
 Cum Regina Nilotica.

De Vino & Venere.

DOte neither on *Women*, nor on *Wine*,
 For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy strength, and *Bacchus* with his sweet
 And pleasant Grape debilitates the feet.
 Blind Love will blab what he in secret did,
 In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
 Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjust) by horrid war lost *Troy*;
Bacchus by war the *Lapiths* did destroy.
 When thou with both or either are possest,
 Shame, honesty, and fear oft flies thy brest:

In

In fetters *Venus* keep, in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
 Left by their free gifts they thee damnifie,
 Use Wine for thirst, *Venus* for lawful Seed ;
 To pass these limits, may thy danger breed.

On Wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinkst' expel,
 One ill would with another quell :
 A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown :
 Or with the Cryer of the Town
 Still a loud man : Noise deaf with noise,
 Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
 Of a Pander : Pride with pride shame thus,
 Or put a Cook down by *Calistratus* ;
 Discord by discord think to ease,
 Or any man with scoffs appease :
 So War by Battel to restrain,
 And labour mitigate by pain :
 Command a sudden peace between
 Two shrill Scolds in the height of spleen :
 By Drink to quench Drink is all one,
 As is by strife, strife to attone.

1.

Con

A

Wo

H

Here

A

2. C

R

Com

H

Com

B

All

Y

A Song called Hide-Park.

The tune,

*Honour invites you to delights,
Come to the Court, and be all made Knights.*

1. **C**OME all you noble, you that are near ones,
Hide-Park is now both fresh and green:
Come all you Gallants that are great ones,
And are desirous to be seen:
Would you a Wife or Mistresse rare,
Here are the best of *England* fair:
Here you may chuse, also refuse,
As you your judgments please to use.
2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat fashions,
Rich in your new unpaid-for silk:
Come you brave Wenchies, and court your stations,
Here in the bushes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You shall have license to compare.

3. Here

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are;
 Drawn with six Horses at the least:

Here are all that of the Strand are,
 And to be seen now at the best.

Westminster-Hall, who is of the Court,
 Unto his place doth now all resort:
 Both high and low here you may know,
 And all do come themselves to shew.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their Coaches,
 Here in the Park do take the air;
 They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
 And hold themselves as Ladies fair:
 For whilst their Husbands gone are to trade
 Unto their ships by Sea or Land:
 Who will not say, why may not they
 Trade, like their own Husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Countrey come the Girls flying
 For husbands, though of parts little worth:
 They at th' Exchange have been buying
 The last new fashion that came forth:
 And are desirous to have it seen,
 As if before it ne're had been:
 So you may see all that may be
 Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here

8. Here come the Girls of the rich City.
 Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
 Their Jealous Mothers come it invite ye,
 For fear they should be lost i' th' croud:
 Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
 Their birth and fortune to advance:
 And they will be as frolick and free,
 As you your self expect to see.

To his coy Mistris.

1. **C**Oy one, I say, Be gone,
 My love-days now are done:
 Were thy Brow like Iv'ry free,
 Yet 'tis more black than Jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy Tress compare
 With *Daphne's* sporting with the air,
 As it is worse fetter'd far
 Than th' knotty tuffs of *Mandrakes* are.

3. Were there in thy Squint eyes found
 True native sparks of *Diamond*;
 As they are duller sure I am,
 Than th' Eye-Lamps of a dying man,

4. Were

4. Were thy breath a Civet scent,
Or some purer Element ;
As there's none profess thee love,
Can touch thy lips without a Glove.

5. Were thy Nose of such a shape,
As Nature could no better make ;
As it is so skrewed in,
It claims acquaintance with thy Chin.

6. Were thy Breasts two rising Mounts,
Those Ruby Nipples milky Founts,
As these two so fairly move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7. Could thy pulse affection bear,
Thy Palm a balmy moisture sweat ;
As their active vigor's gone,
Dry and cold as any stone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet, and all,
That we with modesty can call ;
Nay, were they all of such a grace,
As't might be stil'd, *Love amorous place.*

9. As all these yield such weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the first night :

And hold it a curse for to be spied
Of such a fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved state,
Vye with the greatest Potentate :
As in all their store I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Wert thou as rich in Beauties form,
As thou art held in Natures scorn :
I vow these should be none of mine,
Because they are entitled thine.

*A Dialogue concerning Hair, between a Man
and a Woman.*

M.

1. **A** Sk me no more why I do wear
My Hair so far below my ear :
For the first Man that e're was made
Did never know the Barbers Trade.

W.

2. Ask me no more where all the day
The foolish Owl doth make her stay :

F

'Tis

'Tis in your Locks; for tak'e from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy-tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more that length of hair
Can make the visage seem less fair;
For howsoe'r my hair doth sit,
I'm sure that yours comes short of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more men were long hair
To chase away the colder air;
For by experience we may see
Long hair will but a backfriend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboistness in a man;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To save the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear;

For having morgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing Band.

M.

7. Ask me no more why hair may be
The expression of Gentility:
Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more why grass being grown,
With greedy Sickle is cut down,
Till short and sweet: So ends my Song,
Lest that long hair should grow too long.

A Song.

1. **T**Hat Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much despise:
Tis Money only makes the Whore:
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Unchaste: But that's the Whore that kisses for price.

2. Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
 It shall be no rule for me:
 Nay, 't may be I may do so too, —
 When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'll never hire the thing that's free:

3. If *Coin* must your *Affection* Imp,
 Pray get some other Friend:
 My *Pocket* ne're shall be my *Pimp*,
 I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

4. Since *Loving* was a *Liberal* Art,
 How canst thou trade for gain?
 The pleasure is on your part,
 'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being so, must Women have the gain?

5. No, no, I'll never farm your *Bed*,
 Nor your *Smock-Tenant* be:
 I hate to rent your white and red,
 You shall not let your *Love* to me:
I court a Mistress, not a Landlady.

6. A *Pox* take him that first set up,
 Th' *Excise* of *Flesh* and *Skin*:

And since it will no better be,
Let's both to kifs begin;
To kifs freely; if not, you may go spin.

The Careless Swain.

1. **I**S she gone? let her go; faith Boys, I care not,
I'll not sue after her, I dare not, I dare not.
Though she's as more Land than I by many an Acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her.
2. She is a witty one, and she is fair too;
She must have all the Land that she is Heir too:
But as for Free Land she has not any,
For hers is *Lamm* ground, common to many.
3. Were it in Several, 'twere a great favour,
It might be an enriching to him that shall have her:
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graze in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voices.

Jack, Will and Tom are ye come,
 I think there is mirth in your faces:
 How glad I'm to see such Lads all agree
 In tunes and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. **C**hloris, when I to thee present
 The cause of all my discontent;
 And shew that all the wealth that can
 Flow from this little world of man,
 Is nought but Constancy and Love,
 Why will you other objects prove?

2. O do not cozen your desires
 With common and mechanick fires:
 That picture which you see in gold;
 In every Shop is to be sold,
 And Diamonds of richest prize
 Men only value with their eyes.

3. But look upon my loyal heart,
 That knows to value every part:

And

And loves thy hidden virtue more
Than outward shape, which fools adore :
In that you'l all the treasures find
That can content a noble mind.

The forsaken Maid, A Song.

1. **N**Or Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love doth me refuse :

But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so great a bliss!
Too mickle 'twere for me to love
A man so like the Gods above,
VVith Angels face, and Saint-like voice,
'Tis too Divine for Humane choice.

2. But had I wisely given mine heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part :
As only to enjoy his face.

Or any one peculiar Grace ;
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye :
Then had I liv'd where now I die.
But I presuming all to chuse,
Am now condemned all to lose.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And punish all unjust disdain ;

O do not censure him for this,
 It was my error, and not his.
 This only boon of you I'll crave,
 To fix these Lines upon my Grave :
Like Icarus, I soar'd too high,
For which offence I pine, I die.

On a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, but a man of upright dealing,
 True, but for lying ; honest, but for stealing ;
 Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
 And on a sudden fell in a wondrous Trance :
 The Fiends of Hell must'ring in fearful manner,
 Of sundry colour'd Silks display'd a Banner
 Which he had stoln ; and wish'd, as they did tell,
 That he might one day find it all in Hell.
 The man affrighted at this Apparition,
 Upon Recovery grew a great Precisian ;
 He bought a Bible of the new Translation,
 And in his Life he shew'd great Reformation :
 He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
 He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly :
 He vow'd to shun all Company unruly,
 And in his speech he us'd no Oath but Truly :
 And zealously to help the Sabbaths Rest,
 The Meat for that day on the Eve was drest :

And

And lest the custom that he had to steal,
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his Journey-man a special charge,
That if the Stuff allow'd fell out to large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then should put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I scarce can tell the rest for laughter,
A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet & three quarters,
To make his Vest so large to hang below his garters.
He that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slips away a quarter of the Stuff:
His man espying it, said in derision,
Remember, Master, how you saw the Vision.
Peace, Fool, quoth he, I did not see one tag
Of such like colour'd Stuff within the Flag.

*The Scotch Girls Complaint for an Englishmans going
away, when my Lord Monk came
for England.*

1. **I**Ll tide this cruel Peace that hath gain'd a War
on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I saw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blithest one
That e're I set mine eyes upon:

Well

VVell might have fool'd a wiser one,
 As he did me:
 He look'd so pretty, and talk'd so witty,
 None could deny,
 But needs must yield the Fort up,
 Gude faith, and so did I.

2. Tantara went the Trumpets, and strait we were
 in Arms,
 VVe dreaded no Invasions, Embraces were our
 Charms.
 As we close to one another sit,
 Did according to our Mothers wit,
 But hardly now can smother it,
 It will be known,
 Alack and welly, sick back and belly,
 Never was Maid,
 A Soldier is a coming, though young,
 Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
 But to the brave *Monk-Heroes*, both sigh and singing
 moan:
 Some there are perhaps will take my part,
 At his bosom *Cupid* shake his dart,
 That from me he ne'r may part,
 That is mine own:

O maist thou never wear Bow and Quiver,
Till I may see
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

*On Fairford curious Church-Windows, which scap'd
the War and the Puritan.*

TELL me, you Anti-Saints, why Glas
To you is longer liv'd than Bras;
And why the Saints have scap'd their falls
Better on VWindows than on VValls?
Is it because the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glas-house at *Blackfriars*?
Next, why the Church stands North and South,
And East and VVest the Preachers mouth?
Or is't because such painted ware
Resembles something what you are?
So pied, so seeming, so unsound
In Doctrine and in Manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit
You spare your selves in sparing it?
If it be so, then *Fairford* boast,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath lost:
It is preserved from the bane
Of either VVar or Puritan;

VVhose

Whose Life is coloured in thy Paint,
The inside Dross, but outside Saint.

The Soldiers praise of a Lowse.

1. **W**ill you please to hear a new Ditty,
In praise of a six footed Creature:
She lives both in Countrey and City,
She's wondrous loving by nature.
2. She'l proffer her service to any,
She'l stick close but she will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Master she'l fail.
3. Your rich men she cannot endure,
Nor can she your shifter abide:
But still she sticks close to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.
4. The non-suited man she'l woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him
As the shirt that sticks to his back.
5. Your neat Landress she perfectly hates,
And those that do set her awork:

And

And still in foul Linen delights,
That she in the seams on't may lurk.

6. Corruption she draws like a Horse-leech,
Being big, she grows a great breeder :
At night she goes home to her Cottage,
And in the day is a devillish feeder.

7. To Commanders and Soldiers in purging
I'm sure her Receipts are good :
For she saves them the charge of a Surgeon
In sucking and letting of blood.

8. She'l venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes :
She'l play *Jack* a both sides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always shot-free in fight,
To kill her no Sword will prevail :
And if took Prisoner by flight,
She's crush'd to death with a Nail.

10. From her and her breed *Jove* defend us
For her company we have had store :
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Soldiers no more.

A Song.

1. **M**erhought the other night
 I saw a pretty sight
 That mov'd me much :
 A fair and comely Maid
 Not squeamish nor afraid
 To let me touch.
 Our lips most sweetly kissing
 Each other never missing :
 Her smiling look did shew content,
 That she did nought but what she meant.

2. And as our lips did move,
 The Echo still was Love,
 Love, love me sweet.
 Then with a Maiden blush,
 Instead of crying Push,
 Our lips did meet :
 With Musick sweet by sounding,
 And Pleasures all abounding,
 We kept the Burden of the Song,
 Which was, *That Love should take no wrong.*

A Song.

1. **O** My dearest, I shall grieve thee
When I swear, yet Sweet believe me,
By thine eye, that Crystal Book
In which all crabbed old men look,
I swear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

2. I do not love thee for that fair
Rich Fan of thy most curious Hair :
Though the wires thereof are drawn
Finer than the threads of Lawn,
And are softer than the sleeves
Which the subtil Spinner weaves.

3. I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy Cheeks, Loves Bowers;
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can part their white and red :
Loves golden Arrows there are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

4. I do not love thee for those soft
Red Coral Lips I've kist so oft,

Nor

Nor teeth of Pearl, though double rear'd
To speech, where Musick still is heard,
Though from thence a kisse being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and death awaken.

5: I do not love thee, O my Fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver Pillar which stands under
Thy lovely Head, that Glasse of wonder :)
Though thy Neck be whiter far
Than Towers of polish'd Ivory are.

6. Nor do I love thee for those Mountains
Hid with Snow, whence Nectar Fountains
Sug'red sweet, and Syrup-berry,
Must one day run through Pipes of Cherry :
O how much those Breasts do move me !
Yet for these I do not love thee.

7. I do not love thee for thy Palm,
Though the dew thereof be Balm :
Nor thy curious Leg and Foot,
Although it be a precious Root
Whereon this stately Cedar grows :
Sweet I love thee not for those.

8. Nor for thy wit so pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmerick
Can number down: Nor for the charms
Thou mak'st with embracing arms;
*Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest I would gladly die.*

9. I love thee not for eyes nor hair,
Nor lips, nor teeth that are so rare;
Nor for thy neck, nor for thy breasts,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest:
*Nor for thy hand, nor foot, nor small,
But would'st thou know, dear sweet, for all.*

An old Song on the Spanish Armado.

1. **S**OME years of late in eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
It was some say, nineteenth of *May*,
And some say in *September*,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train; lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
Their (as they thought) but it prov'd not,
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

G

3. There

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
 Who shot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
 As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
 And bid him not to stay a
 But to destroy, both man and boy,
 And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

5. Their Navy was well victualled
 With Bisket, Pease, and Bacon,
 They brought two Ships, well fraught with Whips,
 But I think they were mistaken.
But I think they were mistaken.

6. There men were young, Munition strong,
 And to do us more harm a,
 They thought it meet to joyn their Fleet,
 All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. They coasted round about our Land,
And so came in by *Dover* :
But we had men set on 'um then,
And threw the Rascals over,
And threw the Rascals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
What could me more desire a,
And Sir *Francis Drake* for her sweet sake,
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

ps, 9. Then strait they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threescore a 3
And had not they all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

10. Then let them neither brag nor boast,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not speed,
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a,

The Loyal Prisoner.

1. **B** Eat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
 Swell curled waves high as *Joves* roof:
 Your incivility shall show,
 That innocence is *Tempest* proof:
Though furious Nero's frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for your wounds are balm.

2. That which the world miscalls a Jail,
 A private Closet is to me,
 Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty:
Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met.
Makes me no Pris'ner, but an Anchorit.

3. And whilst I wish to be retir'd
 Into this private room was turn'd;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
 The Sallamander should be burn'd:
Or like those Sophies, which would drown a fish,
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

4. The Cynick hugs his poverty,
The Pellican her Wildernels:
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucasus*.

*Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see,
Make torments easie to their Apathie.*

5. I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized *Margerite* :
Or like some great *Mogul* or *Pope*,
Am cloister'd up from publick, sight :
Retiredness is a piece of Majesty;
And thus proud *Sultan*, I'm as great as thee.

6. These Manicles about my arms,
I as my Mistris Favours wear :
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron Shackles there :
These walls are but my Garrison, my Cell,
What men call Jail, doth prove my Cittadel.

7. So he that stroke at *Jasons* life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
Was only wounded to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief oft-times proves favours by th' event.

8. What though I cannot see my King,
 Neither in's Person, nor his Coin:
 Yet Contemplation is a thing
 Which renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what Adamants can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not seen the Nightingale
 A pris'ner like, coop'd in a Cage?
 How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
 In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Melody doth plain'y prove,
That her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty:
 Although they see my Corps confin'd,
 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his first Love.

MY first Love whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,
And since like Tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a Sacrifice :
Each wanton eye, now kindles my desire,
And that is now to all, which was intire :
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a woman, but to woman kind :
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace :
And sometimes when I none of these can find,
I chuse them by the kernel, not the rind ;
And so do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many what I lost in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me first to stray,
Needs must he wander which hath lost his way :
Guileless I am, she did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at first was Oak :
For as a Looking-glass to the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect ;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are shown
Many false faces where first was but one :
So love into my heart did first prefer
Her Image, and there planed none but her :

But when 'twas crack'd and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her seat were born:
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

On his Mistress going to Sea.

Farewel, fair Saint, may not the seas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you left behind:
But calm and gentle, like the looks they bear,
Smile in your face, and whisper in your ear:
Let no foul billow offer to arise,
That it might nearer look upon your eyes;
Left Wind and Waves enamour'd with such form,
Should throng and crowd themselves into a storm.
But if it be your fate, vast Seas, to love,
Of my becalmed heart learn how to move:
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinkles, nor no furrows in your face;
And you fierce winds, see that you tell your tale
In such a breath as may but fill her sail:
So while you court her each a several way,
You will her safely to her Port convey,
And lose her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to her own undoing.

On a Blush.

STay lusty blood, where wilt thou seek
So blest a place as in her cheek?
How canst thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command desire?
But if thou canst not stay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below;
Flow like a Deluge from her breasts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their Nests;
And so take glory to bestain
With azure blew each swelling Vein:
Then boiling, run through every part,
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having search'd each secret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou blest in changing those
White Lillies to a ruddy Rose.

In praise of a Mask.

THere is not half so warm a fire
In fruition as desire :
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Possession makes us poor again.
Expected form and shape unknown,
Whets and makes sharp temptation :
Sense is too niggardly for bliss,
And daily pays us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightness fall:
Veil therefore still, whilst I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine ;
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell.
Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer keeps in store :
And search'd in secret, only quits
The travel of the hands and wits ;
Who dares to ransack all the hoards,
That Natures privy Purse affords.
Our eye the apprehensions Thief,
Blinds our unlimited belief.
When we see all, we nothing see,
Disclosure may prove Robbery.

For if you shine not, fairest, being shown,
I pick a Cabinet for a *Bristol Stone*.

Excuse for Absence.

YOU'l ask, perhaps, wherefore I stay,
Loving so much, so long away?
Do not think 'twas I did part;
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compass, in your love
One Foot is fixt that cannot move:
To' other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not slide
Beyond your Service; nor dares venture
To wander far from you the Center.

To

To his Mistress.

KEEP on your Mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding it I die,
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with astonishment doth strike :
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes those hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not show ;
Those Azure paths lead to despair.
O vex me not, forbear, forbear :
For whilst I thus in torment dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.
Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a Sentence past for death :
Your dangling Tresses are become
The instruments of final doom ;
O if an Angel torture so
When life is done, what shall I do ?

To his *Mistress*.

I'll tell you how the Rose did first grow red,
And whence the Lilly whiteness borrowed :
You blush'd, and then the Rose with red was dight :
The Lilly kist your hand, and so came white.
Before that time each Rose had but a stain,
The Lilly nought but paleness did contain :
You have the native colour, those the dye,
They flourish onely in your eye.

Hic jacet John Shorthose
Sine hose, sine shooes, sine breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, sine goods,
Sine lands, sine riches.

On his Mistress.

IS she not wondrous fair? O but I see
 She is so much too sweet, too fair for me,
 That I forget my flames, and every fire
 Hath taught me not to love, but to admire:
 Just like the Sun, methinks I see her face,
 Which I should gaze on still, but not embrace;
 For 'tis Heavens pleasure that she should be sent
 As pure to Heaven again, as she was lent
 To us: And bid us, as we hope for bliss,
 Not to profane her with a mortal kiss.
 Then how cold grows my Love, and I how hot?
 O how I love her, how I love her not!
 So doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
 And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle whisp'ring Wind,
 Bear this Sigh, and if you find
 Where my cruel Fair doth rest,
 Cast it in her snowy Breast:

The

The sweet Kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Taste her lips, and then confess,
If *Arabia* doth possess
Or the *Hybla* honour'd hill,
Sweets like those that there distil.
Having got so, with a fee
Do another boon for me :
Thou canst with thy powerful blast
Heat apace, and cool as fast :
Then for pity either stir
Up the fire of Love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

To a spruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

1. **S**Till to be neat, still to be drest,
As if you were going to a feast :
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though *Arcthid* causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

2. Give

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' Adulteries of Art:
They please my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. **A**S we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Heads grew heavy, and our Heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hostels then bid us pay her Score,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hostels out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with every Post we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys.
And we like our humour well.

4. The

4. The Constable then with his staff and band,
He bid us if we were men to stand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can;
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hostesses Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well,

Upon Fasting.

THe poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat;
The Ussurer fasts, to encrease his store;
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more;
The Hypocrite, because he'd be commended:
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.

ONE wish'd me to a Wife that's fair and young,
 That hath *French, Spanish, and Italian* tongue;
 I thank'd him, but yet I'll have none of such;
 For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much:
 What, love you not the Learned? yes as my life.
 The learned Scholar, but the unlearned Wife.

On a Lover that would not be beloved again.

DISdain me still, that I may ever love,
 For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
 The War once past, with peace men cowards prove,
 The ships return'd do rot upon the shore,
 Then frown though I say thou art most fair,
 And still I love thee, though I still despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love, (done:
 For these once quench'd, both life and love are
 Let not my sighs and tears thy virtues move
 Like basest Metal do not melt so soon,
 Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn,
 Love surfeits with rewards, his Nurse is scorn.

A Rural Song.

1. **C**OME Lads and Lasses, each one that passes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilst green the grass is.

For if you'l ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voice, rejoyce,

Come now or never:

*For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid*

For the poor silly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Goose and Gander,
With your Ducks, Hens, and Cocks,

Safe may you wander,

Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
John and Jone all arow,

And never fear the foe,

*For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid*

For the poor silly Maid.

3. Sweetest come hither, let us thither,
Where we'l court, and there sport
Freely together.

We'll enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
 So come home, when we have done,
 And none shall misus.

*For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
 In the Trap that was laid,
 For the poor silly Maid.*

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lowre,
 As he meant to prevent
 Our happiest hour :

But the times treasure, giving us leisure
 In spite of *Jove*, for to prove
 Our chiefest pleasure.

*For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
 In the Trap that was laid,
 For the poor silly Maid.*

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. **W**AS ever grief so great as mine,
 Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
 That thus must leave my *Gilderoy*,
 O my Benison gang with thee.

Good speed be with you then Sir, she said,
For gone is all my joy:
And gone is he whom I love best,
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

2. In muckle joy we spent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongst the Brakes so green:
When he had done what man could do,
He rose up and gang'd his way:
I gat my Goon, and I followed him,
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

3. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to'th King be gone,
With his filken Garters on his legs,
And the Roses on his shoone:
But better he had staid at home
With me his only joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

4. When they had ta'ne this lad so strong,
Gude Lord how sore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenb'rough Town*,
And there God wot they hung him:

They knit him fast above the rest,
 And I lost my only joy,
 For evermore my Benison
 Gang with my *Gilderoy*.

5. Wo worth that man that made those Laws,
 To hang a man for *gence*, *g care*
 For neither stealing Ox nor As,
 Or bony Horse or Meere :
 Had not their Laws a bin so strict,
 I might have got my joy :
 And ne'r had need tull a wat my cheek
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

A Song to his Mistress.

1. **I** Will not do a Sacrifice
 To thy face or to thy eyes :
 Nor unto thy Lilly palm,
 Nor thy breath that wounding balm :
 But the part to which my heart
 In vows is seal'd,
 Is that Mine of Bliss Divine
 Which is conceal'd.

2. What

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree
Bare enjoying all the rest,
Is but like a golden Feast,
Which at need can never feed

Our love-sick wishes:
Let me eat substantial meat,
Not view the dishes.

The Advice.

P*Hyllis* for shame, let us improve
A thousand several ways,
These few short minutes stoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise
The censure of the Grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will submit
To let that Fop Discretion ride
In triumph over Wit.

False Friends I have as well you,
 That daily counsel me
 Vain friv'lous trifles to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
 On what such fools advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

A Vision.

BENEATH a Myrtle shade
 Which *Jove* for none but happy Lovers made,
 I slept, and streight my Love before me brought,
Phyllis the object of my waking thought,
 Undrest she came my flames to meet,
 Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet:
 Flowers that so prest by her became more sweet,

From the bright Visions head,
 A careless vail of Lawn was Loosely spread:
 From her white shoulders fell her shaded hair,
 Like cloudy Sun-shine, nor too brown nor fair:
 Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
 Her ev'ry part my heart did fire:
 But most her eyes, that languish'd with desire.

Ah charming Fair, said I,
How long will you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by *Jove* this lonesome Shade
Was for revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see,

No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid:
Faintly she spoke methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a smile.

Then die, said I: She still deny'd:
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? And so she dy'd.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.

Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain:
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

The Batchelors Song.

Like a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail,
 Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
 Like a Tory in a Bog,
 Or an Ape with a Clog,
 Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
 Does his Liberty lose
 In a Matrimony Noose,
 And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jog,
 The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
 Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain,
 But well fare poor Pug,
 For he plays with his Clog;
 And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
 Yet he hugs it and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.

The Batchelors Satyr resorted.

1. **L**ike a Dog that runs madding at Sheep or at
 Cows,
 Like a Boar that runs brumling after the Sows,
 Like a Jade full of Rancor,
 Or a Ship without Anchor,

Such

Such is the Libertine whom sense invites

To spend his leasures

In recoyling pleasures,

And prefers Looseness unto *Hymens* Rites:

Whereas that honest Tedder holds

The Dog from ranging to the Folds;

And the soft tie of fixt desire,

Keeps men from that Boarish mire;

The Bit and Reins

The Horse restrains,

And th' Anchor saves

The Ship from Waves

Vermin indeed are oft deserv'dly caught

In their own Traps,

Venerous Claps,

Which Health and Wealth and Conscience dearly
boughr.

2. Those Felons of themselves are their own Jails,

And by stoln Pleasure do their sin intail;

Such wandring Tories in unknown Bogs,

And busie Urchins are ensaf'd by Clogs:

But well fare that Bird,

That sweetly is heard

To sing in the contented Cage,

Secure from fears,

And all the snares

Of a Licentious and trepanning Age,

Passing

Passing a calm harmonious Life,
Just like an honest Man and Wife.

A Reply to the Bachelors Satyr retorted.

Like a Cat with her Tail fast hel'd by a Peg,
Like a Hog that gruntles when he's ty'd by the
Like a gall'd Horse in a Pownd, (leg,
Or a Ship run a ground:
Such is the Man, who ty'd in a Nuptial Nooze,
With the proud Stoick, brags
Of his Patches, and his Rags
And rails at looseness, yet would fain get loose,

Whereas the Cat, not knowing who vex her,
Tooth and nail assaults the thing that is next her;
And the soft tye of fixt desire
Binds the Hog to the Paradise of his dear Mire:
The Horse frisks about,
But cannot get out;
And the Anchor gives way
To the boysterous Sea.
Husbands indeed are oft deserv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
By others Claps,
Or Midwives, Nurses, Cradles dearly bout.

These

These Felons to themselves are their own Jail:
Some on the Parish do their Bratsentail,
Like Tories from thir Wives and Children run,
Designing but to Do, and be Undone:
Or else like Hedghogs under Crabtrees roll,
To bring home to their Drabs
A burthen of Crabs;
And then retire to their Hole.

But well fare the Owl,
Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy-bush sings;
She dodders all day,
While the little birds play,
And at midnight she flutters her wings,
Hooting out her mopish discontented Life,
Just like and honest man and Wife,

On a Wedding.

HOW pleasant a thing were a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a Man could purchase a Wife
For a twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,

Till

Till she grows as grey as a Cat :
 Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

The Answer.

How honest a thing is a Wedding,
 And a Bedding ?
 If a man but make choice of a virtuous Wife,
 To live with for aye,
 Not a month and a day,
 But to love and to cherish all days of his life,
 Till both are grown grave, rich, fruitful, and fat :
 Good sooth (Sir) there needs no excuses for that.

*And thus against all Syrens safely stands
 The wise Ulysses ty'd with Nuptial Bands.*

*Upon His Majesties Picture drawn by a
 Fair Lady.*

Your hand with Nature at a noble strife,
 Hath paid our Sovereign a great share of Life.
 Strange fate ! that *Charles* did ne'r more firmly stand,
 Then when twice rescu'd by a female hand.
 Fair Voucher of the Royal Head, which we owe
 Though first to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you.

But here your glory much doth hers out-vie,
She us'd disguise, you use discovery :
And sure there's not so much of Honour shown
To save by hiding, as by making known :
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie,
She sav'd from Death, you from Mortality ;
Who in despite of fate can give reprieve,
And in this deathless Image make him live.
Warwick's great worth must quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make-King till you came.
Had *Sheba's* Queen known thus, she need not roam,
Sh' had seen the Learned Monarch nearer home.
O how *Vandike* would fret himself, by you
Baff'd at once in th' Art and Object too !
Nature her self amaz'd, doth scarce yet know
For certain, whether, she drew both, or you :
And we, seeing so much life in th' Image shown,
Fear least it speak, and lay a Claim to th' Crown.
And th' vulgar apt to a more gross mistake,
Should *Charles* but for his Pictures Picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
If Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worcesters strict search had ceas'd, did *Cromwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him show ;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have him murder'd in this Effigie ;
Wherein he doth so much himself appear,
I am i' th' Presence whilst I spy him here.

His

His Crown he may from others hands receive;
But only you *Charles* to himself could give.
To be thus lively drawn, is th^e only thing
Could almost make me wish my self a King.

Go on, Fair Hand, and by a nobler Art
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part :
And to the world this rare example show,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too,

F I N I S.

Westminster Drollery,
THE
SECOND PART;

BEING
A Compleat Collection of all
the Newest and Choicest SONGS
and POEMS at COURT and
both the THEATERS.

By the *Author* of the FIRST PART,
never Printed before,



LONDON,
Printed for William Gilbert at the Half-Moon in

CONFIRMATION

TO ALL WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME

WE COME TO YOU BY THESE OUR LETTERS

IN THESE WORDS

That we have given full power and sole privilege

unto the said

That the said

That the said

That the said

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These to his honoured Freind,
the Author of this Book, upon his
WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.

Having perus'd your Book, I there do find
The footsteps of a most Ingenious mind;
Which (tracing) I ne're left, until I came
Unto the knowledge of the Authors Name;
Which having understood, I needs must show
That due respect I to your Lines doe owe.
How easie is it for a man to know
Those Songs you made, from those Collected too?
Yours like Rich Vyands on a Table set,
Invites all Pallats for to tast and eat;
Others but garnish are, which only serve
To feed a hungry stomach, least it starve;
Yours like the Sun, when he displayes his face,
Obscures, and darkens Starrs of meaner Race:
In Sir, in every thing you so transcend,
That I could wish your Drolleries no end:

But least my youthful Poetry should stray
From their intentions, and so lose their way,
I le wish your fame may be as amply known
As he desires, who speaks himself your own.

Ric: Mangie,

WEST.

Ric

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY

A The late Song at the Dukes House.

Since we poor slavish women know
Our men we cannot pick and choofe;
To him we like, why say we no?
We both our time and labour loose;
By our put offs, and fond delays,
A Lovers Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant staves,
His Stomack's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient Amorous guest
Unknown to us away may steale,
And rather than stay for a feast
Take up with some course ready meale.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent women be so too,
And if a man be to her mind,
Till, till, she must not let him goe.

The match soon made is happy still,
For only love, 'tis best to doe

Westminster Drollery,

For none should marry 'gainst their will,
 But stand off when their Parents woe,
 And only to their Suits be coy;
 For she whom Jointures can obtain
 To let a Fopp her bed enjoy,
 Is but a lawfull wench for gain.

A late Song called *The Resolute Gallant*
for a second Tryall

HOW hard a fate have I that must expire
 By sudden sparkles Love hath blown to fire:
 No paine like mine I'll cause feel with discontent,
 Not knowing how these flames I may prevent.

Lucinda's eyes affection have compel'd,
 And ever since in thraldome I have dwelt;
 Yet which is more, *He* who's my sole delight
 Belongs unto another man by right.

What though she do? bear up dejected mind,
 She that is faired oth seldome prove unkind;
 She may be so, I'll put it to a venture;
 Who tryes no Circle may mistake the Centre.

For joyes themselves are only true when try'd,
 Fruition is the comfort of a Bride;

For

And

And how can he enjoy that ne'r doth try,
But is disheartned with a Female lie?

(When known to most) they willingly resigne
What they doe seem as willing to decline,
Why then should I desist, I'll try again,
They 'steeme the valiant lover the best of men
And likewise know, I've made a vow

The Subtil Girtle well found
Both vilt and relieve me.

The Tune The New Box.

Prethee *Cloris* tell me how
I've been to thee Disloyal;
In love thou know'st who makes a vow
'Tis only but on tryal:
For had I found, thy graces found,
Which first I did discover,
There's none shou'd be more kind to thee,
Or halfe so true a Lover.

I vow'd 'tis true, I'll tell you how,
With mental reservation,
To try if thou wouldst keep thy vow,
And find thine Inclination;
But when I saw thou didst withdraw
Thy faith from me to changing,

Why shoul'dst thou blame me for the same
To take my swing in ranging.

3. No *Cloris* know, the knack I've found
Of this thy feigned passion,
Thou knowst my elder brother's drown'd
And chinks with me in fashion;
And likewise know, I've made a vow
To one did ne're deceive me
VVho in the worst of times she durst
Both visit and relieve me.

4. Then farewell *Cloris* false and faire,
And like thee every woman,
Nor more will wear thy lock of haire,
Thy favours now are common;
But I will wear *Aminta* deare
VVithin my heart for ever,
VVhose faire and kind, and constant mind,
To cherish I'll endeavour.

The New Scotch Song.

S Ir' tha' do' on be me, mine awn sweet joy,
Thou'st quite kill me suedst thou prove coy,
Suedst thou prove coy, and not loove me.
VVhere fall I fiend like a can as thee.

2. Is'e bin at Weke, and Is'e bin at Faire,
Yet neer coo'd I find ean with thee to compare ;
Oft have I sought, yet ne're cood I find
Ean I loov'd like thee, 'gen you prove kind.

3. Thoti'se ha' a gay goone, an gea fine,
VWith brave buskins thy feet fall shine,
VWith the fin'st floores thy head fall be crown'd,
An thy pink-patticoat fall be lac't round.

4. VVee'se gang early to the brooke side,
VVee'se catch fishes as they do glide,
Ev'ry little fish thy prisner fall be,
Thou'se catch them, an I'se catch thee.

5. Coom lat me kisse thy cherry Lip, an praise
Aw the features, a thy sweet face,
Thy forehead so smooth and losfy doth rise,
Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and thy pratty black eyes.

6. Ife ligg by thee all the caw'd niere,
Thou'se want neathing for thy deleet;e;
Thouse ha' any thing, thouse ha me,
Sure I ha soom thing that'le please thee.

*The Answer to the Scotch Song, and
to that Tune.*

1. *Sibby* cryes to the wood, coom follow me,
For I'se have a fiene thing my *Billy* for thee,
It i like a thing which I mun not tell,
Yet I ken *Billy* thou'se love it well.
2. *Billy* cryes, wa is me, and sight vary seare
Cause to his *Sibby* he cood not come neare,
At last he tald her with many a greane
Ise cannot follow *Sibby* for meerter and steane.
3. Thou ken'st *Billy*, Is'e loove thee weeie,
And for thy Love my Patticoat wa'd sell;
I'se loove thee dearly wee'le as myne ean mother,
Thou'se pull down ean side, & I'se pull down tother.
4. *Sibby* gang'd to the Wail to pnll it doone,
Billy ean the tea-side came there as soone;
Then she pul'd doon the steane, & *Billy* the meerter,
That of his pratty *Sibby* he might be the Peerter,

The rejected Lover to his Mistress.

1. **W**Hat means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time doth truth approve;
 Such difference may consist with state,
 In cannot stand with love.
2. 'Tis either cunning or distrust,
 Doth such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last unjust,
 Let neither blemish you.
3. Explain with unsuspicious looks
 The Riddles of your mind;
 The eyes are *Cupids* fortune Books,
 Where love his fate may find.
4. If kindness crosse your wisht content,
 Dismiss it with a frown;
 I'll give thee all the love is spent,
 The rest shall be my own.

*The Prologue to Witt without money : being the
first Play acted after the Fire,*

SO shipwrackt Passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on bare Beach they stand,
Dropping and cold; and their first feare scarce o're,
Expecting famine from a desert shore;
From that hard Climate we must wait for bread
Whence even the Natives forc't by hunger fled.
Our stage does humane chance present to view,
But ne're before was seen so sadly true,
You are chang'd to, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name of charitie.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts
Whilst you the founders make your selves our guests.
Of all mankind besides Fate had some care,
But for poore Witt no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and faire.
You cherisht it, & now its fall you mourne,
Which blind unmannerd Zealors make their scorne,
Who think the fire a Judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old Theaters may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our

The second Part.

9

Our great Metropolis doth far surpass
What ere is now, & equall all that was;
Our Witt as far doth forrein wit excell,
And like a king should in a Pallace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainely fed,
Talk high, and entertaine you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old *Theaters*, and build up new.

A Song.

OF all the briske dances my *Selina* for me;
For I love not a woman unlesse she be free;
The affection that I to my Mistris do pay
Grows weary, unless she does meet me half way:
There can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit,
Then Jumping's as good in affection as wit.
No sooner I came, but she lik't me as soone;
No sooner I askt, but she granted my boon;
And without a preamble, a portion or Joiner,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're i'de appoint her;
So we struck up a match, and embrac'd each other
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy,
Let her ends be the pleasure that we do enjoy.

Let

Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
 And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night:
 I believe my *Selina*, who shews they'r all mad,
 To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.

A S O N G.

Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despare,
 For *Daphne* regards not thy vowes nor thy prayer
 Which plead for thy passion, thy paines to prolong,
 She courts her gittar, and replies with a Song,
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

No more will I waite like a slave at your doore,
 I will spend the cold night at the windows no more;
 My lungs in long sighs I'll no more exhale,
 Since your pride is to make me grow sullen & pale,
No more shall Amintas your pittie implore,
Were gods so ingrate men, would worship no more.

No more shall your frowns & free humour perswade
 To worship the Idol my fancy hath made;
 When your Saint's so neglected, your follies give 'ore
 Your deity's lost, and your beauty's no more;
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

How weak are the vowes of a lover in paine
 When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain;
 No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
 But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.

*No more fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more.
 Did the Gods seem so faire, men would ever adore.*

A Song.

1. **C**orinna false! it cannot be,
 Let me not hear't againe, 'tis blasphemie,
 Shee's divine,
 Not the Shrine
 Where the Vestall flames doe shine
 Holds out a light so constant pure as she.
 First shall the nights
 Out-burne those Taper lights,
 Which Emulate the one ey'd day;
Phabus rayes
 Shall outgaze
Titan in his chiefeft praise;
 Snow shall burne,
 Floods returne
 To their Springs, their funerall urne,
 E're my *Corinna's* constancy decay.

Not

2. Not innocence it selfe is free
 From imputation; and 'twere base in me,
 Where I find
 Love combin'd
 In a heart of one so kind,
 To injure vertue with Jealousie.
 Still do I strive
 To keep my joyes alive
 And vindicate *Corinna's* fame,
 Whilst my brest
 Doth suggest
 Thoughts which violate my rest,
 And my feares
 Flow in Teares
 Whilst they wound me through the eares
 Which cast aspersion on *Corinna's* name.

3. 'Tis sayd, *Corinna* may it be
 As false as my affection's true to thee,
 That thou art!
 How my heart
 Greeves such terrors to impart;
 Not what thou wast before to me.
 This, this, destroyes
 My late triumphant Joyes
 Which sweld, when in your armes I was intwin'd.

Loves best wreath
 You did breath,
 You vowd to be my love till death
 Sealing this
 With that blisse,
 Whilst with armes, and every word a kisse
 Our pure soules were as our hearts combin'd.
 Last night I walkt into a grove
 Mong shady bowers to bewaile my love.
 There to find
 Fare so kind
 As to ease my penlive mind
 Or thoughts of my *Corinna* to remove!
 But there the *Nightingale*
 Had husht her pretty tale,
 Leaving her ditty's to the *Owl*,
 Which made me sad
 And did adde
 Fewel to the flame I had :
 That poore I
 Now must die
 Unless *Corinna's* constancy
 Takes off this clogg which overwhelmes my soule.

The Petticoate wagge, with the Answer.

Some say the world is full of holes,
And I think

Many a chinke
Is unstopt, that were better clos'd,
Is now unstopt that were better clos'd.

To stop them all is more than to build *Pauls*,

Wherefore he

That would see

How men are in private dispos'd,

How most men are in private dispos'd

Then let him looke the world throughout

From the oyster-wench to the black bagg,

And peepe *here*,

And peepe *there*,

You'll still find the petticoate wagge

The Answer.

Some say the world is full of pelfe,

But I think

There's no Chinke

Because

Because I have so little my selfe;
Because I have now so little my selfe.

Where pockets are full, there men will borrow;

But one must

Never trust

or to be pay'd to day or to morrow;

or to be pay'd to day or to morrow;

let him look the world throughout

from the Usurer to his best friend;

And ask here,

And ask there,

But the Devil a penny they'll lend

An Invocation to Cupid.

A SONG

You powers that guard loves, pleasant Throng
And guide our passions by your owne
and downe, send down that golden dart
that makes two Lovers weare one heart.

Sollicite *Venus* that her doves

which through their bills translate their loves,

May

May teach my tender love and I
To kisse into a Sympathy

Pray *Cupid*, if it be no sinne
'Gainst nature, for to make a twinne
Of our two soules, that the others eyes
May see death cozen'd when one dyes.

If oh you Powers you can implore
Thus much from Love, know from your store
Two Amorous Turtles shall be freed
VVhich yearly on your Altar bleed.

*A beautifull and great Lady died in March,
and was buried in April.*

MArch with his winds hath struck a Cedar tall,
And weeping Aprill mournes the Cedars fall,
And May intends her month no flowres shall bring
Sith she must loose the flowre of all the Spring.
Then March winds have caused Aprill showers,
And yet sad May, must loose her flower of flowres.

Tom of Bedlam, and to that Tune.

A mock to From a dark and dismal state.

From the hagg and hungry Goblin
That into raggs would rend yee,
All the Spirits that stan
By the naked man
In the book of moons defend yee.

That of your five sound Senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor Travel from
Your selves with Tom
A'broad to begg your Bacon.

Chor : *Nor never sing , any food any feeding,*

Money drink or clothing :

Come dame or mayd

Be not affrayd,

Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of 30 bare yeares have I
Twice twenty bin intraged,
And of forty bin
Three times fiteene
Indurance soundly caged.

In the lovely lofts of Bedlam, on stubble soft & dainty

C

Brave

Brave bracelets strong,

Sweet whips ding dong

And who some hunger plenty.

Chor. *And now I sing, any food, any feeding &c.*

3. With a thought I took for mawdlin;

And a cruse of cockle pottage

And a thing thus—*tail*

(*Skye blesse you all*)

I fell into this dorage.

I slept not since the conquest,

'Till then I never waked,

'Till the Roguish Boy

Of Love where I lay

Me found, and stript me naked.

Chor: *And made me sing, any food, &c.*

4. When short I have shorne my Soves face,

And swigg'd my horned barrell,

In an Oaken Inne,

Doe I pawn my skin,

As a suit of gilt apparel.

The Moon's my constant Mistress,

And the lovely Owle my morrow,

The flaming drake,

And the night-crow make

Me musick to my sorrow.

Chor: *While there I sing any food &c.*

5. The Palsy plague these pounces,
 When I prigg your piggs or pullen,
 Your Culvers take,
 Or matelesse make
 Your Chanticleare, and lullen,
 When I want provant, with *Humphry* I sup,
 And when benighted,
 To repose in *Paules*,
 With walking soules,
 I never am affrighted.

Chor: *But still do I sing, any food &c.*

6. I know more than *Apollo*,
 For oft when he lyes sleeping,
 I behold the Starrs
 At mortall warrs,
 And the wounded *Welkin* weeping;
 The Moon embrace her shepherd,
 And the queen of Love her warriour,
 Whilst the first doth horne,
 The starre of the morne,
 And the next the heavenly Farrier.

7. The Gipsy Snap, and Tedro,
 Are none of *Tom's* Comrades;

The Punke I scorne;
 And the Cutpurse sworne,
 And the roaring boyes bravadoes.
 The sober white, and gentle,
 Me trace, or touch, and spare not;
 But those that cross
 Tom's Rhinoceros
 Do what the Panther dare not.
 Chor: *Although I sing, any food &c.*

8. With a heart of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander,
 VVith a burning speare,
 And a horse of Aire,
 To the wilderNESS I wander;
 With a Knight of Ghosts and shaddowes,
 I summon'd am to Tourney,
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide worldsend,
 Methinks it is no journey.

Chor: *All while I sing,
 Any food any feeding,
 Mony drink or clothing,
 Come dame or mayd
 Be not affrayd
 Poor Tom will injure nothing.*

The

1. T

Chor

2. F
InFr
Chor3. F
VVNo
Chor

The Oakerman.

To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

1. **T**He Starr that shines by day light,
And his Love the midnight walker,
VVell guard Red-Jack,
VVith his Purple-pack
Of right Northumbrian Auker,

Chor: *While here I sing,
Any marke, any marking,
Marking red or yellow,
Come, come, and buy, or say ye why,
You deny so brave a fellow.*

2. Full off a 10 dayes Journey
Into the earth I venture,
To shew bright day,
Old Adams clay,
From the Long benighted center,

Chor: *And then I sing, any mark &c.*

3. From the Rugged Ile of Orkney,
VWhere the Redshanke walkes the Marish-
Not a Towne of Count
To the Magog-mount,
Not a Village Ham or parish,

Chor: *But then I sing any marke &c.*

4. The Curtaild Curr and Mastiffe,
 With this Twig I charm from barking;
 From Packhorse feete,
 And wells in street,

I preserve your Babes with marking.

Chor: *While there I sing, Any marke &c.*

5. The Blank denier, and Stiver,
 To Gold I turn with wearing
 And a six-penny pot,
 For a scarlet groat

Eddie fills me without swearing.

Chor: *While I do sing any mark &c.*

6. Besides the Mort I marry'd,
 With whom I sometimes slumber,
 'Tway loves have I,
 And one ligg by,
 So we are five in number.

Chor: *And we do sing any marke &c.*

7. Not one of all my Doxyes,
 So fruitless is or steril,
 But breeds young bones,
 And marking stones
 To your Poultreys further perril.

Chor: *When they shall sing any marke &c.*

8. Will

8. Will you red-stones have to Tawny
Your Lambskins or your weathers;
Will ye Bole as good,
For a flux of blood,
As the fume of Capons feathers.

Chor: *Of these I sing any mark &c.*

9. Will you Lead to Pounce your paintings,
Any Peakish whetstones will ye,
Will ye heavenly Blewes,
Or Ceruse use,
That scornes to wooe the Lilly.

Chor: *Of what I sing, any marke &c.*

10. The *Belgian* does not scorne me,
Nor I the *Ethiopian*,
I am both one man,
To the *American*,
And the white and faire *European*.

Chor: *Although I sing any mark &c.*

11. The fiery *Mars* his Minion,
By the Twilight might me follow;
In a morning Scene,
To the Mornings Queene,
She might take me for *Apollo*.

Chor: *But that I sing, any mark &c.*

12. But as disdain'd of fortune,
 Disdaine I shift and sharking,
 No loves but these,
 Do my fancy please,
 No delight, or life to marking:

Chor: *Wherefore I sing
 Any marking,
 Marking red or yellow,
 Come, come, and buy,
 Or say you why,
 You deny so brave a fellow.*

Old Soldiers.

1. **O**F old Soldiers the Song you would heare,
 And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they were
 But all we remember shall come to your Eare,
 Chor: *That we are Old Soldiers of the Queens,
 And the Queens Old Soldiers.*

2. With an old *Drake* that was the next man,
 To old *Franciscus* (who first it began)
 To saile through the Streights of *Magellan*,
 Chor: *Like an old Soldier &c.*

3. That

3. That put the Proud Spanish *Armado* to wrack,
And Travel'd all ore the old world, and came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
Chor: *Like an old &c.*

4. With an Old *Candish* that seconded him,
And taught his old *Sailes* the same passage to swim,
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,
Like an old &c.

5. With an old *Rawleigh* that twice and agen,
Saild over most part of the Seas, and then
Travel'd all ore the old World with his Pen,
And an Old &c.

With an old *John Norreys* the Generall
That at old *Gaunt* made his fame Immortail,
In sight of his foes with no losse at all,
Like an old Soldier &c.

7. Like old *Brest-fort* an Invincible thing, (King,
VVhen the old *Queen* sent him to help the French
Took from the proud foe to the worlds wondring,
As an old &c.

VWhere

Where an old stout Fryer as goes the story,
 Came to push a Pike with him in vain glory,
 But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old souldier &c.

With an old Ned Norreys that kept Ostend,
 A terrour to foe, and a refuge to freind,
 And left it Impregnable to his last end,
Like an old Souldier &c.

That in the old unfortunate voyage of all,
 Marcht ore the old Bridge, and knockt at the wall
 Of Lisbon the Miltris of Portugall,
Like an old souldier &c.

With an old Tom Norreys by the old Queen sent,
 Of Munster in Ireland Lord President,
 Where his dayes and his blood in her service he spent,
Like an old souldier &c.

With an old Harry Norreys in battel wounded
 In his Knee, whose Legg was cut off, and he sed
 You have spil'd my Dancing, and dyed in his bed.
An old Souldier &c.

With

With an old *Will Norreys* the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary without any call,
To'th old *Irish Wars* to's fame Immortall,
Like an old Soldier &c.

VWith an old *Maximilian Norreys* the last
Of six old brothers, whose fame the time past
Could never yet match, nor shall future time wast.
He was an old soldier &c.

VWith an old *Dick Wenman* the first (in his prime)
That over the walls of old *Cales* did climbe,
And therefore was Knighted, and liv'd all his time.
An old souldier &c.

(thrown.

VWith an old *Nando Wenman* when *Brest* was ore-
Into th' Aire, into th' Seas with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,
An old souldier &c.

VWith an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight
VWas in a good cause for his Country to fight,
And dyed in *Ireland* a good old Knight.
And an old souldier &c.

VWith

VVith a young *Ned Wenman* so valiant and bold,
 In the warrs of *Bohemia*; as with the old
 Deserves for his valour to be Inrold,
An old &c.

And thus of old Soldiers hear ye the same,
 But never so many of one house and name,
 And all of old *John Lord Williams of Thame*,
 Chor: *An Old Souldier of the Queens*,
And the Queens old Soldier.

A woers Expostulation.

1. **A**ll day do I sit inventing,
 VVhile I live so single alone,
 VVhich way to Wed to my contenting,
 And yet can resolve upon none.
 There's a wench whose wealth would inrich me,
 But she not delights me;
 There's anothers eyes do bewitch me,
 But her fashion frights me.
 He that herein
 Has a traveller bin
 And at length in his Longing sped.
 VVhat shall I doe,
 Tell me who I shall woe,
 For I long to be lustily wed.

2. Shall

2. Shall I with a VViddow marry;
No, no, she such watch will beare
To spy how my selfe I doe carry,
I shall always live in feare.
Shall I to a mayd be a wooer,
Maydens are lov'd of many,
Knowing not to whom to be sure,
Are unsure to any.

Marry with youth,
There is love without truth,
For the young cannot long be just,
And Age if I prove;
There is truth without Love,
For the Old are too cold to Lust.

The Resolution.

I

1. **I** Dye, when as I do not see
Her, who is my life, and all to me;
And when I see her then I dye
In seeing of her cruelty,
So that to me like misery is wrought,
Both when I see, and when I see her not.
2. Shall I in silence mourn and grieve?
VWho silent sorrowes will relieve?
In speaking not my heart will rend,
And speaking I may her offend.

*So that 'twixt Love and death my heart is shot
With equall darts, speak I, or speak I not.*

3. Since life and death is in her Eye,
If her I not behold, I dye;
And if I look on her she kills,
I'll chuse the least of two such ills;
*Though both be hard, this is the easier lot,
To dye and see, than dye and see her not.*

4. Yet when I see her I shall speak;
For if I speak not, heart will break;
And if I speak I can but dye,
Of two such ills the least I'll trye;
*Who dyes unseen or dumb is soon forgot,
I'll see and speak then, dye, or dye I not.*

Love, himselfe in Love.

1. **A**S in *May* the little god of love
Forsook his Mothers rosy rest,
To play, to wanton, and to rove
His quiver where it pleas'd him best.
VVanting sport
In idle sort,

An arrow where he could not tell
From him glanced,
So it chanced
Love thereby in Love befell.

2. In sad Teares he to his mother pray'd
(to seek his shaft) to lend him eyes,
VVhich she grants: a bright and lovely
Love taking up his dart espies;
But poore lad
He better had
Neer seen at all, then now too well,
For being strook,
VVith her faire look
Love himselfe in love befell.

3. She too true a chastity embrac'd,
And from Loves courtship, and his mone
Nicely flew; but when his houre was pass'd
His sorrow with his sight was gone.
VVith us swaines,
She now remaines;
And every shepheards boy can tell,
This is she
That love did see
VVho seeing her in love befell.

4. Some thus wish, that Love had never shot,
(That thereof with him feel the woe)

Some dispute that Love a God is not,
And think that beauty beares the bow,

Since this mayd,

VVithout his ayd,

Doth her beholders all compell,

Now to fall

Into that thrall

VVhere Love himself in Love befell.

5. Simple Swaines could wish their eyes were blind

For in her speech and every grace,

Are such chaines to captivate the mind,

They love her that ne're saw her face.

Liking lyes

Not all in Eyes,

Nor Charmes in Cheeks do only dwell,

Love had power,

But for an houre,

To see, and so in love befell.

6. Since in troope of many wretched men

I her enchanting looks survay'd,

Though I droop, I languish, yet agen,

To see, and yet to see affrayd.

But O why,
With shame should I
Consume for what I love so well;
First I'll try
Her love, and dye
With fame, where love in love befell.

The Matchlesse Maid.

1. **A** Midst the merry *May*,
When wantons would a playing,
A Girle as any gay
That had no mind a Maying,
By a cleare
Fountain brim,
Shedding teares,
Shaming him,
Sate, and said, are all they
With their Mates gone to May,
And on a Sun-shiny day
Must I be cast away,
O, to dye a *Maid*.

2. One hand she laid to calme
Her brest that ever panted,
And on her other palme
Her dewy Check she planted;

All a loft
 Covered ore
 With the soft silks she wore,
 And underneath a bed
 Of *Lillyes* had she spread
 Whereon she was, she sed
 Fully determined
O to dye a Maid.

3. Is't love, quoth she, or lor,
 Whose fault I am not mated?
 Has *Cupid* me forgot,
 Will fortune have me hated?

O ill men
 Though ye be
 Fewer then
 Wretched we;
 Must I needs be one,
 For whom there mate is none,
 None need her death bemone
 (Than) that was borne alone,

O, to dye a Made.

4. And so into a swoond
 She fell; and in a trembling
 Fell I, when as I found
 A maid; & no dissembling;

To her quick
 Did I stepp,
 Felt her thick
 Pulses leap,
 Brake her blew Belt in twaine;
 Into her cheeks againe,
 Kist that Vermilion stain,
 Nature did ne're ordaine.

O to dye a Maid,

But like to him that wrought
 A face that him Inchantèd,
 And life for it besought,
 Which Cytherea granted,
 Fared I
 (fool) that should
 Let her dye

When she would.
 For with that soul she brought,
 Back from the shades she sought,
 Am I now deeply caught
 In love, that ever thought

O to die a Maid.

D 2

One

One and his Mistris a dying.

1. **S**hall we die,
Both thou and I,
And leave the world behind us;
Come I say
And lets away,
For no body here doth mind us.

2. Why do we gape,
We cannot scape
The doom that is assign'd us;
When we are in grave,
Although we rave,
There no body needs to bind us.

3. The Clark shall sing,
The Sexton ring,
And old wives they shall wind us,
The Priest shall lay
Our bones in clay,
And no body there shall find us.

4. Farewel wits,
And folly's fits,
And griefs that often pin'd us;

When we are dead,
VVe'l take no heed
What no body says behind us.

5. Merry nights,
And false delights
ye did but blind us;
VVe must to mold,
Both young and old,
Will no body's left behind us.

Dialogue between a man (in Gar-
nison) and his wife (with her com-
pany) storming without.

The Tune The Devils Dream.

Man. **H** Ark, hark, the Doggs do bark,
My Wife is coming in
With Rogues and Jades,
And roaring blades,
They make a devillish din.

D 3

Woman.

Woman. 2. Knock, knock, 'tis twelve a clock,
The Watch will come anon,
And then shall wee
All be free
Of the Gate house every one.

Man. 3. Hold, hold, who is that so bold
That dares to force my doores,
Here is no roome
For such a scum
Of arrant Rogues and Whores.

Woman. 4. See, See, this Cuckold he
Denyes to let us in,
Let's force the house,
Drink and carouse,
And make him sit and spin.

Man. 5. So, so, I'me glad I know
Your mind, I will provide
A Bride-well Bunne
For every one,
And lodging there beside.

Woman. 6. Run, Run, lets all be gon,
The Watch is coming by,

They

They bid 'em stand,

Away they ran

As fast as they could hey

Men. 7. Watch, watch, I prethee catch

Some of that flying crew,

Heres money for ye,

They for it tarry,

Mean while away they flew.

A Late Poem by a Person of quality.

WHat dire Aspects wore the intrag'd skie
At the curst moment of my birth: O why
Did envious Fate prolong my loathsome age,
Since all mankind, yea all the Gods ingage
To bend their never-ceasing spight on me alone,
Am I the center of their envy grown?
Am I the man
On whom they all their venom'd weapons try
Made for their sport, and mankind's mockery,
Or was't ye Gods that you did me create
Only to make me thus unfortunate?
Or do I owe a being to some other powers
Who'l make me able to deride all yours?

if so,

From these unknown Patrons I'll obtaine
 A power to stay your deem'd eternall reigne,
 I'll ravish Nature, from which rape shall come
 A Race, shall ruine your ill guarded throne;
 Rocks, hills, and mountaines; wee'll fling at the Skye;
 Whole torne up Regions in Joves face shall fly.
 Wee'll draine the Seas
 With hills of water, quench the angry starrs;
 Nor will we put an end to these just wars,
 Till conquered *Jove* shall learne to obey,
 And I more powerfull shall his Scepter sway;
 The heavens to their first source shall then returne,
 The Earth to her Autumnal being run:
 And stubborn mankind I will new create:
 On all I will impose new lawes of Fate.

On Women:

Women are call'd *Eves*,
 Because they came from *Adams* wife,
 Put to *t b*, and they are Theeves,
 They rob men of a merry life;
 Put *l s* to *Eve*, and then they're *Evils*,
 Put *d* before evils, and then they are *Devils*:
 And thus our *Eves* are made *theeves*, & *theeves* are evils
 And angry Women are a thousand times worse than
 Devils.

The second Part.

41

The Valentine.

1. **A**S youthfull day put on his best
Attire to usher morne,
And she to greet her glorious guest
Did her faire selfe adorne;
Up did I rise, and hid mine eyes
As I went through the street,
Least I should one that I despise
Before a fairer meet;
And why
Was I,

Think you so nice and fine,
Well did I wot,
Who wotts it not,

It was *St Valentine*

2. In fields by *Phæbus* great with young
Of Flower's and hopefull buds,
Resembling thoughts that freshly sprung

In lovers lively bloods,
A dam'sel faire and fine I saw,
So faire and finely dight,
As put my heart almost in aw
To attempt a mate so bright :

But O,

Why so,

Her purpose was like mine,
And readily,
She said as I,

Good morrow *Valentine*.

3. **A**

3. A Faire of love we kept a while,
 She for each word I said
 Gave me two smiles, and for each smile
 I her two kisses pay'd.
 The Violet made halt to appear
 To be her bosome guest,
 With first Primrose that grew this year
 I purchast from her brest;
 To me, gave she, her golden lock for mine;
 My ring of Jet,
 For her Bracelet,
 I gave my *Valentine*.

4. Subscribed with a line of love,
 My name for her I wrote;
 In filke forme her name she wove,
 VVhereto this was her mor-
 As shall this year thy truth appear
 I still my dear am thine:
 Your mate to day, and Love for aye,
 If you so say, was mine.
 VVhile thus, on us, each others favours shine,
 No more have we to change, quoth she,
 Now farewell *Valentine*.

5. Alas, said I, let freinds not seeme
 Between themselves so strange,

The

The Jewels both we dear'st esteeme
 You know are yet to change:
 She answers no, yet smiles as though
 Her tongue her thought denyes;
 VVho truth of maidens mind will know,
 Must seek it in her Eyes.

She blushes,
 I wisht,
 Her heart as free as mine,
 She sight and sware,
 Insooth you are
 Too wanton *Valentine*.

6. Yet I such further favour won
 By suit and pleasing play,
 She vow'd what now was left undone,
 Should finisht be in *May*.
 And though perplex'd with such delay,
 As more augments desire,
 Twixt present griefe, and promis'd Joy,
 I from my Mate retire:
 If she
 To me
 Preserve her vowes divine
 And constant troth,
 She shall be both
 My Love and *Valentine*.

On Thirsis and Phillis.

Young *Thirsis* the shepheard, that wont was to
 So delightfull flocks and faire, (keep
 Sets eyes upon *Phillis*, and lets go the Sheep
 To wander he knows not where.

The cropping of *Lillyes*,
 Was as became *Phillis*,
 That seem'd with her brow to compare;
 He tuning of *Verses*,
 Was as became *Thirsis*,
 That more did her beauty declare.

2. Why lik'st thou those flowers that are not like thee,
 Thou art far more fresh and gay,
 Or if thou lov'st *Lillyes*, why lov'st thou not me
 That am Love-sick and pale as they?
 Thy bosome faire *Phillis*
 Yeilds lovlyer *Lillyes*
 Surpassing the sweetness of those,
 Whose beauty so pierces
 The poor heart of *Thirsis*
 That these more resemble his woes.

3. Art

3. Art thou a Shepherdes, and yet too good
For a Shepheard to be thy mate?

If wanton opinion, or purenesse of blood,

Doth make thee disdain thy estate,

Let *Thirsis* pluck Lillyes,

And feed flocks for *Phillis*

For her love his duty to show,

Whilst *Phillis* rehearseth,

The Poesies of *Thirsis*

In his love her beauty to know.

4. If *Coridons* jealousie cannot admit

Young *Thirsis* his rival to be,

Thy heart is too young to be singular yet,

And too old to be lov'd is he.

Then try what the skill is

Of young men faire *Phillis*

Ere age thou dost simply retaine;

If any love pierces

Thee deeper than *Thirsis*,

Let *Thirsis* love *Phillis* in vaine,

5. Thus *Thirsis* went, on but *Phillis* more wise

Conceales the delight she find,

For women their likings have skill to disguise,

But men cannot masque their minds.

He mounts where the hill is,
 The proud hill where *Phillis*,
 Is wonted to rest with her sheep,
 And with his flock *Thirsis*,
 So seldome converses,
 We think he with *Phillis* doth keep.

A Song.

1. **T**O love thee without flattery were a sin,
 Since thou art all Inconstancy within,
 Thy heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes,
 The newest object is thy richest prize,
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

2. I hate this constant doating on a Face,
 Content ne're dwells a week in any place;
 Why then should you and I love one another
 Longer than we can our fancy smother;
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

A Song.

1. **W**Hen *Thirsis* did the splendid Eye
Of *Phillis* his faire Mistris spye,
Was ever such a glorious Queen
Said he, unlesse above, twere seen.

2. Faire *Phillis* with a blushing aire,
Hearing those words became more faire;
Away, says he, you need not take
Fresh beauty, you more fair to make.

3. Then with a winning smile and looke,
His candid flattery she took;
O stay, sayd he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirsis is captivated now.

A catch for three Voices, made from a true Story.

1. **A** Knot of good fellowes were making moane,
Their meeting was spoild, their pig was gon.
Whee, quoth a Frenchman to *Joan*, its dark,
Hark there, cryes *Mounseir*, Pig, weel make him pork,
They caught him, & stuck him, wee' wee', what you do
To serve you like the mother of the meaz'ld sow?

Begar

Begar me no Bacon, you English dogge;
 Weeh, weeh, you raskall Frenchman, wee'l dresse you
 (like a hogg)
 They kept such a weehing that home came the Pigg,
 Which made them all dance, and drinke as long as
 (they could swig,
 They cry the Mounseir pardon, & forth let him pass
 No more for a Pigge, but now for an Asse.

A Catch of 3 Parts.

1. **M**Y Mistrifs will not be content to take a Jest,
 I mean a Jest as Chaucer meant:
 But following still the Womens fashion,
 Allowes it, allowes it, in the last translation;
 For with the word shee'l not dispence,
 And yet, and yet, and yet, I know she loves the sence.

On Loyalty in the Cavaliers.

1. **H**E that is a cleare
 Cavalier
 Will not repine,
 Although his fortune grow
 So very low
 That he cannot get wine.

Fortune

Fortune is a Lasse,
She will embrace;
And strait destroy;
Free-borne Loyaltie
• Will ever be,

Sing Vive le Roy.

Chorus.

Virtue is her own reward, and fortune is a Whore,
There's none but knaves and fools regard
Her, or do her power implore.

A reall honest man,
Might a'bin utterly undone,
To shew his Allegiance,
His love and obedience;

Honour will raise him up,

And still praise him up,

Virtue stayes him up,

Whilst your Loose Courtiers dine

With their full Bowles of Wine,

Honour will stick to it fast; (nour move;

And he that fights for love, doth in the way of ho-

He that is a true Roger, and hath serv'd his King,

Altkough he be a ragged Souldier;

Whilst those that make sport of us,

May become short of us,

He will flatter e'm, and will scatter e'm,

E

Whilst

Whilst that Loyalty
 Waits on Royalty,
 He that waits peacefully,
 May be successfully
 Crown'd with Crowns at last.

2. Firmly let us then
 Be honest men,
 And kick at fate,
 We shall live to see
 Loyaltie,
 Valued at a high rate.
 He that bears a word
 Or a sword,
 Gainst the Throne,
 Or doth prophanely prate
 To wrong the State,
 Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though the *Plumes* of painted Players,
 Be the prosperous men,
 Yet wee'll attend our own affaires,
 When we come to't agen.
 Treachery may be fac't with light,
 And leachery lin'd with furre,

A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
 'Tis fortune *de la gar*;
 But what is that to us boyes,
 That now are honest men?
 Wee'l conquer and come agen,
 Beat up the drum agen,
 Hey for Cavaliers,
 Joy for Cavaliers,
 Pray for Cavaliers,
 Dub a dub dub,
 Have at old *Belzebub*,
 Oliver stinks for fear.
 Fift-Monarchy must down boyes
 And every Sect in Town,
 Wee'l rally, and to't agen,
 Give 'em the rout agen,
 When they come agen,
 Charge 'em home agen,
 Face to the right about, *tantararara*,
 This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

The Irish footmans, O hone,

1. **N**OW Chree't me save,
 Poor Irish Knave, O hone, O hone,
 Round about,
 The Town throughout,
 Is poor *Shone* gone,
 Mayster to find,
 Loving and kind,
 But *Shone* to his mind is ne're the neare,
Shone can find none here,
 Which makes him cry for feare
 O hone, O hone.

Shone being poore,
 Him's foot being fore,
 For which hee'l no more
 Trot about,
 To find mayster out,
 Fait I'le rather go without And cry O hone.

2. I was so crost,
 That I was forc't,
 To go barefoot,
 With stripes to boot,
 And no shooes none
 Nill English could I speak,
 My mind for to break,

And many laught to hear the moane I made
 And I like a tyr'd Jade,
 That had no worke nor Trade
But cry'd O hone.

Cause Church to go,
 Whither I'de or no,
 Ile dye or do so,
 Grace a Chreest;
 For I love Popish Preeft
 A poor Catholick thou seest, *O hone, O hone.*

3. Good honest Shone,
 Make no more moane,
 For thy lost,
 I do intend,
 Something to spend
 On Catholicks thus crost;

Take this small gift,
 And with it make a shift,
 And be not thou bereft;
 Of thy mind;
 Although he was unkind,
 To leave thee thus behind, *To cry O hone.*

Here take this Beer, and with it make good cheere,
 Nothing's for thee too deare; so a due,
 Be constant still and true,
 This country do not rue, *Nor cry O hone.*

4. Good Shentlemen,
 That do intend,
 To help poore *Shone* at's need;
 My Patron here,
 Has given me Beer,
 And meat whereon to feed,
 Yea and moneys too,
 So I hope that you
 Will do as he did do,
 For my reliefe,
 To ease my pain & grieve.
 He eat no powder'd beef,
 What e're ensue.
 But I will keep my fast,
 As I did in times past,
 To get more stomach for my hungry throat,
 And when for friends I fought,
 They call'd me all te're naught

Song.

I Went to the Tavern, and then,
 I went to the Tavern, and then,
 I had good store of VVine,
 And my cap full of coyne
*And the world went well with me then, then,
 And the world went well with me then.*

1. I went to the Tavern agen,
Where I ran on the score
And was turn'd out o'th' door,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.
2. When I was a Batchelor then
I had a Saddle and a Horse,
And I took my own course,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.
3. But when I was marry'd, O then
My Horse and my Saddle
Vvere turn'd to a Cradle,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.
4. VVhen I brought her home mony, then
She never would pout,
But clip me about,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.
5. But when I was drunk, O then,
She'd kick, she'd fling,
Till she made the house ring,
And the world went ill with me then, then &c.

7. So I turn'd her away, and then,
 I got me a Miss,
 To clip and to kifs,
And the world went ill, &c.
8. But the Pariter came, and then
 I was call'd to the Court,
 VVhere I pay'd for my sport,
And the world went ill &c.
9. I took my Wife home agen,
 But I chang'd her nore,
 For I cut her throat,
And the world went well with me then, &c.
10. But when it was known, O then,
 In a two-wheeld Charret,
 To Tiburn I was carry'd,
And the world went ill, &c.
11. But when I came there, O then,
 They forc't me to swing.
 To heaven in a string,
*And the world went well with me then, then,
 And the world went well with me then.*

The Moons Love.

1. **T**He Moon in her pride,
Once glanced aside

Her eyes, and espied

The day;

As unto his bed,

In waistcoat of red,

Faire *Phœbus* him led

The way;

Such changes of thought,

In her chastitie wrought.

That thus she besought the boy,

O tarry,

And Marry

The Starry *Diana*,

That will be thy Jem, and Joy.

2. I will be as bright

At noon as at night,

If that may delight

The day;

Come hither and joine

Thy glories with mine,

Together wee'll shine

For aye.

The night shall be noon,

And every moon

As pleasant as *June*

Or *May*;

O tarry and marry &c.

3. En-

3. Enamour'd of none
 I live chaste and alone,
 Though courted of one,
 Some say;
 And true if it were
 So frivolous feare
 Let never my dear
 Dismay,
 I'll change my opinion,
 And turne my old Minion,
 The Sleepy *Endimion*
 Away,
 O tarry and marry, &c.

4. And but that the night,
 Should have wanted her light
 Or lovers in sight
 Should play,
 Or *Phœbus* should shame
 To bestow such a dame
 (VVith a dow'r of his flame)
 On a Boy,
 Or day should appear,
 Eternally here,
 And night elsewhere,
 The day

Had tarry'd,
And marry'd,
The starry'd *Diana*,
And she been his Jem and Joy.

On Dulcina.

1. **A**S at noone *Dulcina* rested,
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepheard and requested,
In her lapp to sleep an houre;
But from her look,
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon,
The Nymph he prayes,
VVhereto she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soone.
2. But in vaine did she conjure him,
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
VVhere lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in *June*,
Perfwade to stay,
VVhat boots her say,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.
3. VVords

Words whose hopes might have injoin'd
 Him to let *Dulcina* sleep,
 Could a mans love be confin'd,
 Or a mayd her promise keep;
 But he her waste,
 Still holds as fast,
 As she was constant to her Tune,
 And still she spake,
 For *Cupid's* sake

Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

4. He demands what time or pleasure,
 Can there be more soon, than now?
 She sayes Night gives love that leasure,
 That the Day doth not allow.

The Suns kind sight,
 Forgives delight,

Quoth he, more easily than the Moon.
 And *Venus* playes: he told, she sayes,

Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

5. But no promise nor profession,
 From his hands could purchase scope;
 Whō would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beauty for a hope?
 Or for the sight of lingring night,

Foregoe

Foregoe the present Joyes of Noon,
Though ner'e so faire, her speeches were,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

6. How at last agreed these lovers,
He was faire, and she was young,
Tongue may tell what eye discovers,
Joyes unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her mayd, or not? she said
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

The Saylers Song.

1. **T**He raging waves, and roaring wind
(My Mates) I list no longer hide,
A gentler passage now I find,
And Saile upon a calmer tide
*Of Neptunes man, his mate I prove,
And serve with him the master love.*

2. My bosome now my Ocean is,
Wherein my *Amorous* thoughts do steere,
My hopesfull heart in waves of blisse,
Whereto her voice and smiling cleare.

My

My wind and weather be : Her eyes
Are both my Loadstar, and my Prize.

3. No saile, nor wind, nor Sun I need,
Her favours pass the silken Saile,
Her smiles the Sunshine day exceed,
And her sweet voice the softest gale?
I take no height of starres above,
Nor seek adventures, but her love.

4. And if her heart I compass can,
Where I my hopes have Anchor'd all;
He that the fleece of *Cholchos* wan,
Made voyage poorer than I shall,
By how much living Pearl's above
Dead gold, and wealth is short of love.

To Live and dye.

1. **A** Creature so strange, so wretched a one
As I
Can there be found,
For now alas I live, and anon
I die,
Feeling no wound,
When but a look of my love I gaine,
O what a life it doth infuse!

But

But when I tast of her sharpe disaine,
O how I dye, how can I chuse?

2. Like as the Sun gives life to the flowers,
 VWhen *May*
 Painteth the field,
So when she smiles, her eye like the powers,
 Of Joy
 Doth to me yeild,
But as the Autumn's envious raine,
 Soon doth the summers pride confuse
Dasht with the stormes of her Disdaine,
 So do I dye, how can I chuse.

3. Then 'tis no wonder that here is a man,
 Can live
 Now, and now dye;
Since there's a beauty that life and death can
 Both give
 Out of her Eye,
Let her the wonder of time remaine,
 And that I live let no man muse,
VWhile she me loves; and if she disdaine,
 Must not I dye, how can I chuse?

4. Has not her favour force to revive
 A heart
 Dying with paine?

And

And has her Icorne not power to deprive

That part
Of life againe?

Is there not life and death in her frame

Both at her powerfull will to use,

Then at her powerfull will I am,

Living or dead; how can I chuse?

The hunting of the Gods.

1. SONGS of Shepheards, and Rusticall Roundlayes,
Form'd of fancies, and whistled on reedes;
Sung to Solace young Nimphs upon holy dayes,
Are too unworthy for wonderfull deeds.

Phæbus Ingenious

Or winged *Cylenius*

His lofty Genius,

May seem to declare,

In verse better coyn'd,

And voice more refin'd

How States devin'd,

Once hunted the Hare.

2. Starrs Enamour'd with Pastimes Olympicall,
Starrs and Planets that beautifull shone,

VVould

Would no longer that earthly men only shall
Swim in pleasure, and they but look on;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed
How minded they were;
Each God and Goddesse,
To take humane bodyes,
As Lords and Ladies,
To follow the Hare.

3, Chast *Diana* applauded the Motion,
And pale *Proserpina* set in her place,
Lights the Welkin, and governs the Ocean,
While she conducted her Nephewes in chace,
And by her Example,
Her Father to trample
The old and ample
Earth, leave the aire,
Neptune the Water,
The Wine *Liber Pater*,
And *Mars* the slaughter,
To follow the Hare.

4. Light god *Cupid* was hors'd upon *Pegasus*,
Borrow'd of *Muses* with kisses and prayers,
Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,
Mounts a Centaure that proudly him beares.

Postillion of the skye,
 Light heel'd *Mercury*,
 Makes his Courser fly
 Fleet as the aire,
 Yellow *Apollo*,
 The Kennel doth follow,
 And whoop and hollow
 After the hare.

Hymen ushers the Ladies; *Astræa*
 The Just, took hands with *Minerva* the bold;
Ceres the brown, with bright *Cytherea*;
 With *Thetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the old,
 Shamefac't *Aurora*,
 With subtil *Pandora*;
 And *May* with *Flora*,
 Did company beare;
Juno was stated,
 Too high to be mated,
 But yet she hated
 Not hunting the hare.

6. Drown'd *Narcissus*, from his *Metamorphosis*
 Rais'd by *Eccho*, new manhood did take;
 Snoring *Somnus* upstart in *Cineris*,
 That this thousand year was not awake,
 To see club-footed
 Old *Mulciber* booted;

And *Pan* promoted
 On *Chiron's* Mare ;
 Proud *Faunus* pouted,
 And *Aeolus* shouted,
 And *Momus* flouted,
 But follow'd the Hare.

Deep *Melampus*, and cunning *Ichnobates*,
Aspe, and *Tigre*, and *Harpys* the skyes

Rent wit roaring ,
 Whilst huntsman-like *Hercules*
 Finds the plentifull horne to their cryes,

Till with varieties,
 To solace their Pieties ,
 The wary Deities
 Repos'd them where

We shepheards were seated,
 And there we repeated,
 What we conceited

Of their hunting the Hare.

Young *Amintas* suppos'd the Gods came to breath

(After some battels) themselves on the ground,
Asis thought the stars came to dwell here beneath,
 And that hereafter the earth would go round ,

Coridon aged ,
 With *Phyllis* ingaged ,
 Was much intraged
 With jealous despaire;

But fury vaded,
 And he was perswaded,
 When I thus applauded
 Their hunting the Hare.

9. Starr's but Shadows were, state were but sorrow
 Had they no Motion, nor that no delight;
 Joyes are Iovial, delight is the marrow
 Of life, and Action the Axle of might.

Pleasure depends
 Upon no other friends,
 And yet freely lends
 To each vertue a share,
 Only as measures,
 The Jewell of pleasures,
 Of pleasure the treasures
 Of hunting the Hare.

10. Three broad Bowles to the Olympical Rector
 His *Troy* borne Eagle he brings on his knee,
Jove to *Phæbus* Carowles in *Nector*,
 And he to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me;
 Wherewith infused,
 I pip'd and I mused,
 In songs unused
 This sport to declare;
 And that the Rouse of *Jove*,

Round as his Sphere may move,
Health to all that love
Hunting the Hare.

The Reading Beauty.

AS to these lines she lent a lovely look,
Whereon not minding me she mused,
Her faire Aspect became my book,
And I her eyes (as they these lines) perused;
Love songs she read, to learn what love should be,
And faster than she read she taught it me.

2. For as no studyed rules like starrs above
Can teach the knowledg of the skyes,
To dive into the depth of love,
There is no rule, no learning like her Eyes:
Why stoops she then to things below her reach?
Why reads she love, that she her self can teach?

3. Alas though we no other learning need
In love, that may behold her face;
She seeing not her selfe must read,
To see what we so much desire to embrace.
O that her selfe she saw: but O why so?
She otherwise her self too much doth know.

4. Some nicer lover would to see her muse
 Bare envy to that happy book
 Whereon she seems to doate, and use
 To grant her slander by but halfe her locke:
 But such to me let her aspect be still;
 If one eye wounds so sore, two eyes will kill.

The more then Faire.

1. **B**E more kind than you are,
 Sweet love, or else lesse faire,
 So shall I feel lesse care,
 And you be no lesse rare.
 To wound the heart,
 Is beauties part;
 But to restore
 The love-sick sore,
 Is to be more than faire.

2. If possible it were
 Not to be what you are,
 Be more kind, or lesse faire;
 Use lips, and eyes forbear;
 Your smiles are Lures,

My eyes adore,
But lipps implore:
The kind are more than faire.

The Beauteous are not faire,
Whose coynesse breeds despaire;
But those that freindly are,
Are beauteous, though not faire.
Since to be kind,
A beauteous mind,
Doth best explore;
Be kind therefore,
And be far more than faire.

No longer let my care
Consume my love in aire,
But kindnesse to me bare,
That I may say and swear
Of such as are
But only faire,
I knew before,
The world had store:
But you are more than faire.

Bright eyes and smiles to beare,
But a common weare:
If you without compare,
Will be as kind as faire,

And make me then
 More blessed than men,
 As far as ore,
 Your sexes store,
 Your selfe are more than faire.

Of Jonny and Jinny.

1. **T**He pretty sweet *Jinny* sate on a Hill,
 Where *Jonny* the swain her see;
 He run'd his quill, and sung to her still,
Whoop Jinny come down to me.

2. Though *Jonny* the valley, and *Jinny* the Hill,
 Kept far above his degree;
 He bore her good will, and sung to her still,
Whoop Jinny come down to me.

3. But high was she seated, and so was she minded,
 His heart was humble as he;
 Her pride had her blinded, his love had him bended,
Whoop Jinny, &c.

4. The mountain is bare, and subject to aire,
 Here meddowes, here shaddowes be;
 There burneth the Sun, here Rivers do run,
Whoop Jinny &c.

5. All flowers do grace the vallyes green face ;
The mountain hath none but thee;
Why wilt thou grow there, and all the rest here ?
Whoop Jinny &c.

6. *Narcissus* his rose, *Adonis* here growes,
That may thy examples be,
Since they be came slaine, for pride and disdaine,
Whoop Jinny &c.

7. There *Jinny* keeps sheep, here *Jonny* will keep
Thy selfe and thy flock for thee;
If *Jonny* be worthy to keep thy flock for thee,
Whoop Jinny &c.

8. But pretty sweet *Jinny* was lov'd of so many,
That little delight had she
To think upon *Jonny*, that thought her so bonny,
Whoop Jinny &c.

9. Though *Jinny* thought ill of *Jonny's* good will,
Yet *Jonny* to *Jinny* was free;
He followes quill, and he hollowes her still,
Whoop Jinny come down to me.

A Song.

1. **O** Love whose force and might
 No power ere withstood;
 Thou forcest me to write,
 Come turne about Robbin hood.

2. Her Cresses that were wrought
 Most like the golden share,
 My loving heart has caught;
 As *Mos* did catch the Mare.

3. Grant pittie, else I dye,
 Love so my heart bewitches,
 With grieve I'le howle and cry,
 O how my elbow Itches.

4. Teares overflow my sight
 With Floods of daily weeping,
 That in the silent night
 I cannot rest for sleeping.

5. What is't I would not do
 To purchase one sweet smile;
 Bid me to *China* go,
 Faith I'le sit still the while.

6. But

6. But since that all reliefe
And comfort doth forsake me,
I'll kill my self with grief,
Nay then the Devil take me.

7. Mark well my dolefull hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
Send down a fiery clap,
And tear her smock asunder.

The Rhodomontade,

And his Wife.

(Grace)

I Le tell you of a Leut,
With a Nose like a Spout,
Which some call a snout,
And was so stout,
That he had often fought,
Full many about,
With many a scout,
And at 'em would shout,
Then put 'um to th' rout,
Nay beat 'em to a clout,
Though in a great drouht,
At men he would flout,
And at women would pout,
His food still was greut,

H Is Wife's name was
And had a good Face
Yet had but little grace,
Shee'd kiss in any place,
Nay, to gather a brace,
Which some say is base,
And some did her chase
Into a pittifull case,
She lov'd Cloves and Mace
Her father car'd the Mace
For the Mayor in a place
She still wears lace,
And will keep on her pace
When she runs a race

For

Which bred him the gout
 He was a true trout
 To good Ale when he mout
 And did allways allow't
 This you must not doubt
 I've heard him to vow't
 As he went in and out.

The Sonne Jack,

Their sons name was Jack
 Who was very black
 And got many a knack
 And seldome did lack
 Unlesse Milk cal'd lac
 At Cardes he would pack
 And was counted a quack
 Nay, bin brought to the rack
 For firing a stick
 Of corn, in a back
 Side, like a mad back
 Made's bones to crack
 Nay sometimes to cack
 Till they gav: him som sack
 Nay, they held him tack
 And did him thrwack
 And never did slack
 Till he went to wrack
 (smack
 Yet with's lips he would
 And this is true of Jack.

For a very great space
 She fishes with a dace
 When she takes any place
 When she dances she'l trace
 She'l not bate you an ace
 Of the truth of this she says.

The Daughter Nel.

Their daughters nams Nel
 Who poor thing did dwell
 Full long in a Cell
 And there twas she fell
 That one rang her knell
 Being fallen into Hell
 The devills to quell
 And there I do smell
 That she then did sell
 Her ware very well
 She made'em to yell
 And likewise to swell
 So they writ on a Shell
 A very great Spell
 As long as an ell
 That she bore away the bell
 For abusing in hell
 She had no paralell
 A'll this her self did tell,
 And all done by Nell.

A Song.

Come hang up your care, and cast away sorrow;
 Drink on, hee's a sot that e're thinks of to morrow:
 Good store of Terse-Claret supplyes every thing,
 For a man that is drunk is as great as a King;
 Let no one with Crosses, or Losses repine,
 But take a full dose of the juice of the Wine.
 Diseases and troubles are nere to be found,
 But in the damp place where the glass goes not round.

A S O N G.

The Tune, *I'll go no more to the New
 Exchange.*

NEver will I wed a Girl that's coy,
 Nor one that is too free;
 But she alone shall be my joy,
 That keeps a mean to me;
 For if too Coy, then I must court
 For a kisse as well as any;
 And if too free, I fear o'th' Sport
 I then may have too many.

Nelly

2. *Nelly* a *Girle* was proud and coy,
But what good got she by it?
VWhen they'd a mind to kisse and toy,
Then shee'd be still unquiet;
For of the four or five she had,
They all have left her now;
Her impertinent tricks did make 'em madd,
And so twou'd me, or you.

3. *Nanny* was a *Lasse* that was too free,
And amorous withall;
Shee'd ne're with any disagree,
But ready at their call;
That some her freeness did impute
Unto good nature in her,
Others have said, without dispute
Shee'd prove a private sinner.

4. Then for a *Girle*, that's not too free,
Or Coy, but at my call;
Yet handsome I wou'd have her be,
And oblieging unto all;
That I may never say I have wed
A *Girle* that's starcht with *Pride*,
Or fool, or ugly, or ill bred,
I'de rather want a *Bride*.

An Invitation to enjoyment.

1. **C**OME, O come, I brook no stay,
He doth not love that can delay;
See how the stealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do supply the day.

3. See the first Tapers almost gone,
Thy flame like that will strait be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She looseth time that lyes alone

4. O let us cherish then these powers,
Whilst we may yet call them ours;
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime,
But sprightly kisses strike the houres.

The Rural Dance about the May-pole.

*The Tune, the first Figure dances at Mr. Young's Ball
in May 1671.*

1. **C**ome lasses and ladds,
Take leave of your Dadds,
And away to the *May-pole* hey;
For every he
Has got him a she
With a Minstrill standing by;
For *Willy* has gotten his *fill*,
And *Jenny* has got his *Jone*,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it,
Jig it up and down.

2. Strike up *sayes Wat*,
Agreed *sayes Kate*,
And I prethee Fidler play,
Content *sayes Hodge*,
And so *sayes Madge*,
For this is a Holliday.
Then every man did put
His Hat off to his Lasse,
And every Girl did curchy,
Curchy, curchy on the Grasse.

Begin

3. Begin sayes *Hall*,

I, I, sayes *Mall*,

Wee'l lead up *Packintons* pound;

No no, sayes *Noll*,

And so sayes *Doll*,

Wee'l first have *Sellengers* round;

Then every man began to foot it round about;

And every Girle did jet it, jet it, jet it in and
(out.

4. Y'are out, sayes *Dick*,

'Tis a lye, sayes *Nick*,

The Fidler playd it false;

'Tis true, sayes *Hugh*,

And so sayes *Sue*,

And so sayes nimble *Alice*;

The Fidler then began to play the Tune agen,

And every Girle did trip it, trip it, trip it to the
(men.

Lets kifs, sayes *Jane*,

Content, sayes *Nan*,

And so sayes every she;

G

How

How many says *Batt*,
Why three says *Matt*,

For that's a maidens fee;

But they instead of three did give 'em halfe a score,
And they inkindnesse, gave 'em, gave 'em, gave 'em,
(as many more,

6. Then after an hour
They went to a bower
And play'd for Ale and Cakes,
And kisses too
Untill they were due,
The Lasses kept the stakes.

The Girles did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid 'em take their kisses back, and give 'em their
(own agen,

7. Yet there they sate,
Untill it was late,
And tyr'd the Fidler quite,
With singing and playing,
Without any paying
From morning untill night.

They told the fidler then they'd pay him for his play,
And each a 2 pence, 2 pence, 2 pence gave him,
(and went away.

The unconstant Lover.

*The Tune, the second Figure dance at Mr. Young's
Ball May 1671.*

NOW out upon this constant love,
I never was unto't inclin'd,
hate within that Sphear to move,
Where I to one must be confin'd.
love to range about, and gaze,
And often haunt the parke and playes,
purpose for a Mistress new,
Then bid the old one quite adue.

For he's for me, and only he
That's constant to unconstancie;
day or two I can approve,
But after that farewell to love:
for every thing's to change inclin'd,
As Women, and the Moon, and wind;
then why not wee as well as they,
Since they have shew'd us all the way.

For constancie in Love is thought
To bring poor Lovers to their end;
then constancy in Love is naught,
When change brings every day a friend.

The constant fool is whining still,
 But never can his fancy fill;
 Whilst we can sing, and sport, and play,
 And change our pleasure every day.

A mock to one that drank nothing But Water.
 The Tune, *A lover I'me born', and*
a Lover I'll be.

1. **F**OR *Bacchus* I'me born, and for *Bacchus* I'll be
 And wish from good wine I may never be free.
 Let drinking abound, 'tis wine makes the creature,
 It strengthens the braine, and helps decay'd nature.
 For he that by drinking can turne the world round,
 By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd.
2. With health after health let the glass keep the
 Till it make our brains dance like a ship on the Ocean
 When our senses are pal'd, and our reason does fail
 A little sound sleep will supply a fresh gale.
 Then with wine that is brisk, & a girl that is woo
 Wee'l drink, & wee'l kiss, & wee'l never have done.

The Drinking Song on two Mistrisses, the one
furnisht them with wine, and t' other with money.

The Tune, The Gang.

Come boyes, leave off your toyes,
And trole about the sack;
We know 'tis good to chear the blood,
And fortifie the back.

Tis that will make you fat,
And cherrish still the braine;
Nay studd the face with such a grace,
Like Rubies dy'd in grain.

2. Drink about, 'till all be out
The drawer will fill t agen,
A-Pox o'th' Watch, ne're shut the hatch,
The clock has struck but ten;
Then a glasse to th' Jovial lasse,
That fill'd our pates with wine;
And here's another to the tother,
That furnish't us with Coine.

3. Come drink, we want no chink,
Hark how my pockets sound,
Away with't then, come too't agen,
Begin another round;

Then *Jack*, this Glas of Sack
 Unto thy pretty *Nell*;
 And here's to thine, this bowle of wine,
 Dear *Tom*, thou lov'st so well.

4. Come says one, lets all be gone,
 For our pates are throughly lin'd;
~~Yet he was bang'd~~, nay some say hang'd,
 That left his drink behind;
 Then all, began to call,
 Come drawer whar's to pay?
 Each took the cup, and drank it up,
 And so they went away.

A Song.

1. **L** Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
 I'll no more on their Deities call,
 Nor trouble the Fates, but give my self ease,
 And be happy in spight of 'em all;
 I will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her;
 Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.

If she prove vertuous, oblieging and kind,
 Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her;
 But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
 I'de have her to know I'me above her;

For

For at length I have learn't, now my fetters are gone,
To love if I please, or to let it alone.

A S O N G.

1. **A**S I walkt in the woods one evening of late,
A Lafs was deploring her haplesse estate,
In a languishing posture poor maid she appears,
All swell'd with her sighs, and blub'd with her tears;
She sigh'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

2. At last she broke out, wretched she said,
Will no youth come succour a languishing maid,
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which alafs poor I cannot live.
Shall I never leave sighing and crying and all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

3. At first when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour wou'd fade, and then flush in my Face;
My breath wou'd grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
My brests never popt up and down so before;
I scarce knew for what, but now find it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

A Song,

O The sad Day
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me :

Hark how he Groanes,
Look how he pants for breath,
See see how he struggles with the pangs of Death;
When they shall say of these dear Eyes,
How hollow and how dim they be,
Marke how his brest doth swell and rise
Against his potent enemy :
When some old friend shall step to my beds side,
And touch my chill face, & thence shall gently slide;
But when his next companions say,
How does he do, what hopes? shall turne away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a Gaspe or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perswade the World to trouble me no more, no more,
Perswade the world to trouble me no more,

A Song.

O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of Hell:
Art thou born of Humane race?
No, no, I have a furial face:
Art thou of City, or Town, or Court?
I to every place resort.
Why, O why, into the world was sorrow sent?
Men afflicted best repent.
What dost thou feed on? Broken sleep.
What tak'st thou pleasure in? to weep,
To sob, to pine, to groane,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.
When, O when, shall sorrow quiet have?
Never, never, never, never,
Never till she finds a grave,
Never 'till she finds a grave.

A Song.

CHeare up my Mate's, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more saile, and never spare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink,

And

And merrily, merrily, merrily we go.
 Bless me 'tis hot, another bowle of Wine,
 And we shall Cut the burning Line.

Hey boyes she sends away,
 And by my head I know,
 We round the world are sailing now.

What dulmen are those to tarry at home,
 When abroad they may wantonly roame,
 And gain such experience, and spie to
 Such countries and wonders as I do?
 But prethee good Pilot take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at *Pern*;
 With Gold there the vessel wee'l store,
 And never never be poor,
 No never be poor any more.

The foolish proud Lover.

1. **N**Or Love, nor Fate, can I accuse of hate,
 That my *Clarinda* now is from me gone;
 But I confesse, 'tis my unworthiness
 That I in sorrow thus am left alone:
 I doated on her, and thought to 'a won her,
 But wo is me I still must think upon her,
 Which is the cause of all my smart;

The second Part.

9

She lookt so pretty, and talkt so wirty,
None that ere I saw in Town or in City
Ere like her could thus surprize my heart.

2. Had I set my heart, to have lov'd her but in part,
As only to enjoy her angels face,
Her curiose eye, or cheeks of rosie die,
Or lip, or any one peculiar grace;
But my sad refusing one, must all be loosing,
O that I had us'd discretion in my chusing,
Then I might 'a liv'd, and not a dy'd:
But like *Icarus* I by soaring up too high,
With his waxen wings so nere the Sun to fly,
Am justly punisht for my foolish pride.

O you Powers Divine, I'll offer at your shrine,
If you will grant me this when I am gone;
That no punishment on her her may e're be sent,
The fault was only mine, and mine alone:
Also I do crave, this benefit to have,
That this *Motto* may be fixt upon my grave;
Here's lyes one by foolish pride was slaine,
That who ere comes near may gently shed a tear
On my Hearse, and say, O 'twas severe,
So small offence should breed such mic kle paine,

On

She

On his Mistresse's Garden of Herbs.

H*earts-ease*, an he. b that sometimes hath bin seen
 In my Loves garden plot to flourish green,
 Is dead and wither'd with a wind of woe,
 And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow:
 The cause I find to be, because I did
 Neglect the Herb call'd *Time*, which now doth bid
 Me never hope, nor look once more againe
 To gaine *Hearts-ease*, to ease my heart of paine;
 One hope is this, in this my woful case,
 My *Rue*, though bitter, may prove Herbe of grace.

The Italian Pedlar.

1. **M**Aids see what you lack
 Ere I open my pack,
 For here is that will please you;
 Do you dreame in your beds,
 Or with your Maiden-heads
 Be you troubled, I will ease you.

2. Is there any one among
 These marry'd men strong,
 Has a head of his Wives making?

I have capps to be worne, that shall cover his horne,
And keep his brow from taking.

3. Does any man mistrust, that his wife is unjust,
Or that she loves to be ranging?

I have that in my box, which excee's *Italian* locks,
'Twill keep her Chast: that's a strange thing.

4. Is there any woman here, has bin married a year,
And not bin made a Mother?

I have that at my back, shall supply her of that lack,
And I'll use her for't, like a Brother.

5. I have fine Gloves for you and your Loves,
Bands, Handkerchers, and Laces;
And I've Knots and Roses, and many pretty posies,
And mask; for your bad faces.

6. I have fine bodkins to, that I can furnish you,
To keep your Coifes from tearing;
And I have precious stones, ordained for the nonce,
Will delight you in the wearing.

7. I have that wherewith if you well rub your Teeth,
They will look like Alabaster;
And powder for your hair, that will make you look
I wonder you come no faster. (fair:

8. Then

Westminster Drollery,

Then come away, and do not stay,
For hence I must I tell you;
or when that I am gone, you will hardly find one
That such precious Ware can sell you.

In praise of the Black-Jack.

1. **B**E your liquor small, or as thick as mudd,
The cheating bottle cries, good, good, good,
Whereat the master begins to storme,
'Cause he said more than he could performe,
And I wish that his heires may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

2. No Tankerd, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg
Are halfe so good, or so well can hold Tugg,
For when they are broke or full of cracks,
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks,
And I wish that his, &c.

3. When the Bottle and Jack stands together,
(O fie on't,
The Bottle looks just like a dwarfe to a Gyant;
Then had we not reason Jacks to chuse,
For this 'l make Boots, when the Bottle mends shooes,
And I wish &c.

4. And

4. And as for the bottle you never can fill it
Without a Tunnell, but you must spill it,
'Tis as hard to get, in as 'tis to get out :
Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout.

5. And when we have drank out all our store,
The Jack goes for Barme to brew us some more;
And when our Stomacks with hunger have bled,
Then it marches for more to make us some bread,
And I wish &c.

6. I now will cease to speak of the Jack,
But hope his assistance I never shall lack,
And I hope that now every honest man,
Instead of Jack will y'clip him *John*,
And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

A S O N G.

1. **C**elia I lov'd thee
Though in vain you boast;
But since I have prov'd thee,
I find my labour lost,
Many may to love pretend;
But you will never find,
Seek country o're, try any freind,
One half so true, so kind ;

2. Fare-

2. Farewell unkind one ,
 Since you so designe,
 And see if you can find one,
 Whose love can equal mine ;
 If by chance you meet a man,
 That may your fancy take,
 Be wise, be kind, do what you can,
 And love him for my sake;
 Yet in your chiefeft pleasure think
 How my poor heart doth ake.

3. Each hour sporting,
 Nothing can be more,
 Each minute courting ,
 Like one nere lov'd before.
 But should he forsake his nest,
 And being wellfeather d fly
 From you, to be anothers guest,
 You'd sigh, and with me cry,
 I lov'd, and was not lov'd again,
 And so for love must die.

The

The Jealous, but mistaken Girl.

To the Scotch tune also.

1. **P**Rethee tell me *Phillis*,
 Why so penfive now,
 I see that sadness still is
 Fixt upon thy brow;
 And those charming eyes
 That were of late so bright,
 In sighs and tears,
 And other fears,
 Have almost lost their sight;
 Let this suffice,
 I sympathize
 With thee both day and night.

2. *Damon* dost thou aske it,
 Thou art the cause of all,
 Therefore do not mask it,
 For thou hast wrought my fall;
 For I gave thee a Ring
 Which thou hast *Cælia* gave,
 Our true-loves band,
 Twas on her hand,
 Which Ring thy life did save;

H

But

But wo is me,
 Thy fallacie
 Has brought me to my grave.

3. *Damon* then began
 On *Phillis* for to smile,
 She call'd him perjur'd man,
 And should no more beguile;
 No my dearest *Phill*,
 I blame thy Jealousie;
 Our true-loves band
 Is on my hand
 Which thou didst give to me;
 And *Coxidon*
 Made *Cælia* one,
 By that which came from thee.

4. Long she fate ashamed,
 And hid her bathfull head;
 Her jealousie she blamed,
 And said she was but dead,
 Unlesse that gentle *Damon*
 Pardon this offence,
 And let me rest
 Upon his brest,
 And there my suite commence;
 I shall not doubt
 To sue it out
 Before I came from thence.

3. Then he did embrace her,
And gave her kisses store,
And vow'd that he would place her
Where none was ere before,
That is, within his heart,
Which none should e're remove,
In spite of fate
Would be her mate,
And constant be in love;
And I say she
As true to thee,
As is the Turtle-Dove.

The Faire but Crnel Girle.

1. **T**He *Nymph* that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No lesse than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, but joy of my eye,
The cause of my flame, that never can dye.

2. Her Lips, from whence wit obligingly flowes,
Has the colour of Cherryes, and smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attends on her will,
She saves with a smile, with a frown she can kill.

3. The desperate Lover can hope no redress;
 Where beauty and rigour, are both in excess:
 In *Cælia* they meet, so unhappy am I;
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.

The Bathing Girles:

To the common Galliard Tune.

1. **I**T was in *June*, and 'twas on *Barnaby Bright* too,
 A time when the days are long, and nights are
 (short,
 A crew of merry Girles, and that in the night too,
 Resolv'd to wash in a river, and there to sport;
 And there (poore things) they then resolv'd to be
 (merry too,
 And with them did bring good store of junc-
 (ketting stuffe,
 As Bisket, and Cakes, and Suger, and Syder, and
 (Perry too,
 Of each such a quantity, that was more than
 (enough.
 2. But mark what chanc't unto this innocent crew
 (then,
 Who

Who thought themselves secure from any eare;
They knew twas dark, that none cou d take a view
(then,

And all did seem to be voyd of any feare;
Then every one uncas'd themselves, both smock & all
And each expected first who should begin;
And that they might stay but an houre, they told the
(Clock and all:
Then all in a Te-he-ing vaine did enter in.

3. But now comes out the Tale I meant to tell ye ,
For a Crew of Jovial Lads were there before,
And finding there some viands for their belly,
They eas'd em then poor hearts of all their store;
Then every Lad fate down upon the Grasse there,
And whisper'd thanks to th' Girls for their good
(Cheare,
In which they drank a health to every Lads there,
That then were washing & rinsing without any fear.

4. And when they had pleas'd (and fill'd) their
(bellies and pallats too,
They back did come unto the foresaid place,
And took away their Smocks , and both their Wal-
(lets too,
Which brought their good Bubb, and left them in
(pittifull case,

For presently they all came out toth' larder there,
 That it put 'em unto their shifts their Smocks to find,
 I think, says one, my shift is a little farder there,
 I, I, says another, for yours did lye by mine.

5. At last, says one, the Divil a smock is here at all,
 The Devil, a bit of bread, or drop of drink,
 They've took every morsel of our good cheare and

And nothing but Gowns and Petticoats left, as I
 (think,

At last, says one, if they'd give us our Smocks agen,
 And likewise part of what we hither brought,
 We shall be much oblig'd, and think 'em Gentlemen,
 And by this foolish example be better taught.

6. Although in the River they were as many as
 crickets there,

'Twixt laughing and fretting their state they did
 (condole,

And then came one of the Lads from out of the thick-
 (ets there,

And told 'em hee'd bring 'em their smocks, and what
 (was stole,

They only with Petticoats on, like Jipsies were
 (clad then,

He brought 'em their Smocks, and what he had pro-
 (mis'd before,

They

They fell to eat, and drink as if they'd been mad
(there,
And glad they were all, they'd got so much of their
(store.

7. And when they all had made a good repast
(there,
They put on their cloths, and all resolv'd to be gone;
Then out comes all the ladds in very great hast there,
(all
And every one to the other then was known;
The girles did then conjure the ladds that were there,
To what had past their lipps shou'd still be seal'd,
Nay more than that they made 'em all to swear
(there,
To which they did, that nothing should be reveal'd.

8. Then each at other did make a pass at kissing
(then,
And round it went to every one level coile,
But thinking that at home they might be missing
(then,
And fear'd that they had stay'd too great a while;
Then hand in hand they alltogether marcht away,
And every lad convey'd his Mistris home,
Agen they kist, then every Lads her man did pray,
That what had past, no more of that but *Mum.*

*The unparalel'd Lady:**The Tune, 'Twixt Greece and Troy.*

1. **W**hen first I saw my *Cæli's* face,
 O how my heart was Inflam'd with love;
 I deem'd her of no humane race,
 But Angell-like drop't from above;
 Her Star-like eyes with their Glim'ring glances
 Then shin'd so bright,
 Like the greatest Comet, when we look upon it:
 'Till it takes away the sight.
2. Her Nose is like a Promontory,
 Which over-looks some pleasant place,
 Her Cheeks like Roses in their glory,
 And Teeth of Oriental race;
 Her Corall lipps, like the Cherryes when
 They're growing on the Tree;
 But the greatest Bliss is,
 Thence to gather kisses,
 Wou'd the cropp belong'd to me.
3. And underneath her snow-white neck,
 There you may find an Ivory Plaine,
 On which two Christal mounts are set
 Tipt with a Ruby-sount in graine,

This

This is the place, which formerly was
Call'd the milky-way.

O that I might tipple still
At such a Nipple,
And for ever there might stay.

4. Her hands are of so pure a white,
That with the Swan they dare to vie;
But when upon a Lure they light,
Then you will hear such Harmony:
But when her voice and that together
Then play their parts,
You'd think the Spheres united,
And thither had invited
All, to Captivate their hearts.

5. Her feet were so Epitomiz'd,
Like peeping-mice did still appear,
That all the crew were then surpriz'd
To see her dance a measure there;
She mov'd so well, you'd think she had not
Danc'd then, but flown:
I would spend a Talent,
For to be her Gallant,
And call her still mine own.

*The Politick Girl.**The Tune The Duke of Monmouths jigge.*

1. **M**Y dearest *Katy*, prethee be but constant now,
 And whatsoe're is past, I shall forget I vow;
 Do thou be kind, and give me but thy hand upon't,
 And for my faith thou need'st not doubt or stand
 (upon't;

I'll furnish thee with all the Cakes in season still,
 And whatsoe're thou shalt desire in reason still;
 Nay more than that, thy Annal due I'll pay to thee,
 And in all moderate things will still give way to thee.

2. I must confess thy Pension came but slow of late,
 Which is the cause I think that thou didst change thy
 (mate;

For when the Sinewy-part of love is took away,
 We know the strength thereof will lessen every day:
 But now thou know'st the Tide is turn'd my Bonny
 (*Kate*,

My fathers dead, and we shall want no mony *Kate*;
 For he by Will has made me heire of all my dear,
 That we no more in debt I hope shall fall my dear.

3. Thou

3. Thou seest how plainly now I've told my mind
(to thee,
And also find't that I will still be kind to thee;
What Remora then can stop the course of joining
(now
Our hearts and hands, come Katy no repining now;
She told him then, do you forgive but my past faults,
And I will likewise pardon all your by past faults;
He call'd her then his Mistriss and his goddess to,
And then they join'd their hands & lip's & body to.

(agree,
4. Thus have you seen this jarring couple now
And all mistakes are now knit up in Amitie,
She slighted all addressees he did make to her,
Because she found his purse could never speak to her;
But when she saw the Ginny-birds to fly agen,
She then resolv'd the knot of love to tye agen,
And so 'twill last 'till all the birds are fled and gone,
Then march her self, and give it out she's dead and
(gone,

The

The Amorous Girl.

To the Tune of *The crab of the wood.*

1. **T**Here's none so pretty,
As my sweet *Betty*,
She bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatness,
And all compleariness,
All other *Girls* doth excell.

2. When ever we meet,
Shee'l lovingly greet
Me still, with a how dee' doe;
Well I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
So am I Sir the better for you.

3. I askt her how,
She told me, not now,
For walls had eares and eyes;
Nay she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

4. Then I took her by th' hand,
Which she did not withstand,

And

And I gave her a smirking kifs;
She gave me another
Just like the tother;
Quoth I, what a comfort is this?

3. This put me in heart
To play o're my part
That I had intended before;
But she bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
Untill she had fastned the doore.

6. Then she went to the Hatch,
To see that the Latch
And cranies were all cocksure,
And when she had done,
She bid me come on,
For now we were both secure.

7. And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
But think that silence is best;
And if you will know,
Why I kist her, or so,
But I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

The two vertuous Sisters:

The Tune The Gun-fleet.

1. **M**Y Cozen Moll's an arrant whore,
And so is her sister Kate,
They kickt their mother out o' dore,
And broke their Fathers pate,
And all because they crav'd a bit,
I mean a bit alone Sir,
For they with a bit would give 'em a knock,
That's a bit and a knock, or none Sir.
2. They'r cleanly too, I needs must say,
As any Girles i'th towne.
They sweep the house a new found way,
That's once a quarter round;
So fine 'tis kept, that when 'tis swept,
I speak t in their defence Sir,
'Twill yeild at a spurt, in dust and dirt,
Come fourteen or fifteen pence Sir.
3. So fine and neate they dresse their meat,
I thought it alwayes best
To let it alone, 'till all was gone,
And then to eat the rest;

For he that puts a bit in his guts,
 And did but see the dressing,
 No Phylick could e're give a vomit so cleare,
 Which I think is a notable blessing.

4. Some Whores are counted shifters to,
 But they did hate 'em all,
 They shift their Smocks with much adoe **A**
 But every Spring and Fall,
 They say 'tis good to cleanse the blood,
 And think 'em worth the turning,
 And when they're black upon their back,
 They call it inside mourning.

5. They will be drunk a little to,
 I mean but twice a day,
 They'l swear and roare, and drink and spew,
 And then they down will lay;
 And so they'l sleep, 'till day gin peep,
 Then call for more by dozens,
 And to my freind there s'now an end
 Of both my dirty Cozens.

The

*The beneficial wedding.*The Tune, *Phil: Porters dreame.*

ANd I have a mind to be marry'd,
 And so has you know who,
 Wee both too long have tarry'd,

And therefore I mean to woe:
 Then I did give her a Buss,
 And she gave me a ring,
 And so we bust, and kist and bust,
 And kist like any thing.

2. Her Grandfire gave her a Cow,
 And her Grannam a Ewe and Lambe,
 She say'd she'd suckle it too,
 Untill it had left the dam;
 Her Uncle gave her a hogge,
 Her Aunt a Teeming Sow,
 For Bacon and sowle, to keep the house,
 And make em puddings enow.

3. Her father gave her a Gowne,
 Her Mother a Petticote,
 Which was of a mingl'd brown,
 The best that cou'd be bought,

Her

Her brother gave her a Cock,
 And her sister a breeding Hen,
 To tread and breed, and breed and tread,
 And tread, and breed agen,

3. Her Cozen took a Care,
 To give her a Rug was new,
 His wife did give her a paire
 Of Sheets and Blankets too;
 But she had a speciall friend
 That was a young Upholster,
 You must not know the reason now,
 Did give her a Bed, and a Bolster.

4. A friend did give her a Waistcoat,
 And Hose, and Shooes, and Har,
 Another did give her a lac't Coat,
 But 'tis no matter for that
 So long as 'tis our own,
 No matter how it come,
 They keep her fine, and give her VVine,
 But no more of that but Mum.

5. Another did take her a house,
 and pay d a Twelvemonths Rent,
 And furnish'd me and my spouse
 With what at the Wedding was spent;

I

Then

Then we desir'd to know,
 What trade we both should drive;
 They say'd good Ale wou'd never fail
 If ever we meant to thrive.

6. We both are fitted now I think,
 With store of household stuff,
 And likewise cloths and meat and drink
 As much as is enough;
 But if we chance to want,
 My Wife has store of freinds,
 Which I connive at, because they'r private,
 And so our Wedding ends.

A SONG.

1. **G**Et you gone, you will undo me,
 If you love me don't pursue me,
 Let that inclination perish,
 Which I dare no longer cherish,
 Be content y'ave won the field,
 'Twere base to hurt me, now I yield.

2. With harmless thoughts I did begin,
 But in the crow'd love enterr'd in
 I knew him not, he was so gay,
 So innocent, so full of play.

Is ported thus with young desire,
Chear'd with his light, freed from his fire.

3. But now his teeth and claws are grown,

Let me this fatal Lyon shun;

You found me harmless, leave me so,

For were I not, you'd leave me too;

But when you change remember still,

'Twas my misfortune not my will.

A S O N G.

*Being an Answer to give o're foolish heart, or
were the Gods so severe, and to that Tune.*

1. **H**E's a fool in his heart, that takes any care
Of Womens vain words be they never so fair;
Though she sighs and pretends unto Love ne'r so
Shee's double in heart, and betrays with her
They still are as false as they were heretofore,
Their nature is such, they can ne'r give it o're.

2. They would by their craft's of which they have
Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore,

And if they once find they cannot prevail,
Overcharg'd with despite their faces grow pale;
There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
Than to see foolish men their feature adore.

3. They would by their frowns to observance per-
(swade,

The men they do fancy their slaves they have made,
And to be sure they will Tyranize more,
If a man do but once their pitty implore.

Why then should we men frail Women adore,
Since their pride is so great, and their pitty no more,

4. But sure all that Sex can ne'r prove so vain,
To sport or delight in a true-lovers pain;
When a languishing eye in a Lover they view
To their cruelty sure, they must needs bid adieu;
Where good humour I find, I there will adore,
Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

*Attock to the Song of Harry gave Doll,
and to that Tune.*

1. **A** SI walk't in the woods one Evening of late,
A Girl was deploring her hapless estate;

She sigh'd and she sob'd ; Ah ! wretched she said ,
Will no youth come suckle la anguishing Maid ?
Shall I sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languish for ever for want of a man?
Shall I sigh and cry and look pale and wan,
And languish &c.

2. Alas when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour did fade, and then flusht in my face,
My breath woud grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
I thought 'twas an Ague, but alas it was more;
For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I must Languish for want of a man;
For e're since I have sigh'd; and do what I can,
I find I must, &c.

3. In bed all the night, I weep on my pillow,
To see some Maids happy, whilst I wear the Willow.
I revenge my self on the innocent sheer,
Wherein I have oft made my teeth for to meet,
But I fear 'tis in vain, let me do what I can,
I must languish for ever for want of a man.
But in my despair, I'll dye if I can
And languish no longer for want of a man.

A Late Song.

1. **H**ow charming are those pleasant pains,
Which the successful lover gains.
O! how the Longing spirit flies,
On scorching sighs from dying eyes,
Whose intermixing rayes impart,
Loves welcome message from the heart?
2. Then how the Active pulse grows warm
To every sense gives the alarm
But oh the rashness, and the qualmes
When Love unites the melting Palmes!
What extasies, what hopes and feares,
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears?
3. To these a thousand vows succeed,
And then, O me, still we proceed,
Till sense and souls are bath'd in bliss,
Think dear *Aminda* think on this,
And curse those hours we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.

A Theatre Song.

I Must confels not many years ago,
T'was death when e're my Mistris answear'd no;
Then I was subject to her Female yoke,
And stood or fell by every word she spoke;
But now I find the Intregues of love to be,
Nought but the Follies of our infancy.

2. I can a Rich or handsome Lady Court,
Either for my convenience or for sport;
But if the one be proud or the other Coy,
I cannot break my sleep for such a Toy;
My heart is now for all assaults prepar'd,
And will not be commanded or insnar'd.

*The new Song in Charles the eighth set by
Mr Pelham Humphrey's.*

OH love if ere thou wilt ease a heart
That owes thy power Divine,
And bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
Take pittie now on mine;
Under thy Shades I fainting lye,
A thousand times I wish'd to die;
But when I find cold death too nigh,

I grieve to lose my pleasing pain
And call my wishes back again.

And thus as I sat all alone
In the shady mirtle Grove;
And to each gentle sigh and moan
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a groan,
Came by the man I love;
O how I strove my greif to hide,
I panted, blusht and almost dyed,
And did each tatling Ecchoe chide,
For fear some breath of moving air
Should to his ears my sorrow bear.

And Oh you powers, I dye to gain
But one poor panting kifs,
Glad yet I'de be on racks of paine,
Ere I'de one thought or wish retain
That honour thinks amiss:
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,
By love and nature both abus'd,
Our tender hearts all ease refuse;
And when we burn with secret flame,
Must bear our greifs, or dye with shame.

On his Mistress that lov'd Hunting.

1. **L** Eave *Cælia*, leave the woods to chase,
'Tis not a sport, nor yet a place
For one that has so sweet a face.
2. Nets in thy hand, Nets in thy brow,
In every limb a snare, and thou
Dost lavish them thou car'st not how.
3. Fond Girle these wild haunts are not best
To hunt : nor is a Savage beast
A fit prey for so sweet a breast.
4. O do but cast thine eyes behind,
I'll carry thee where thou shalt find
A tame heart of a better kind.
5. One that hath set soft snares for thee,
Snares where if once thou fettered be,
Thou t never covet to be free.
6. The Dews of *April*, the VVinds of *May*
That flow'r's the Meads, and glads the Day,
Are not more soft, more sweet than they.

7. And

7. And when thou chancest for to kill,
Thou needst not fear no other ill
Than Turtles suffer when they Bill.

On a Scriv'ner.

Here to a period is a *Scriv'ner* come;
This is his last sheet, full point and total sum
Of all aspersions, I excuse him not,
'Tis plain, he liv'd not without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good coppies unto many.
He in good Letters allwayes had been bred,
And hath writ more, then many men have read.
He Rulers had at his command by law,
Although he could not hang, yet he could draw.
He did more, Bondmen make then any,
A dash of's pen alone did ruine many,
That not without all reason we may call
His letters great or little, Capitall;
Yet tis the Scrivner's fate as sure as Just,
When he hath all done, then he falls to dust.

Or

On a Sexton.

I many graves have made, yet injoy'd none,
This which I made not, I possess'd alone;
Each corps without imbalming it did serve
My life like precious balsome to preserve;
But death then kind was, now cruel found I have;
Robbing me of life, without my living grave;
And yet 'twas kind still to, for in the grave
Where once I labour had, now peace I have;
I made good use of time, and night and day
Took care and heed, how th' hours go away,
I still was ready for a grave, nor shall
I grieve at what I most joy'd, a Funeral .
As I was wont, no not so prone as then,
Out of the grave I shall arise agen.

On a FART.

I Sing the praises of a Fart,
That I may doo't by terms of Art;
I will invoke no deitie,
But butter'd Pease and Furmetie;
And think their help sufficient
To fit and furnish my intent;
When *Virgils* gnat, and *Ovids* flea,
And *Homers* frog strove for the day;

There=

There is no reason in my mind,
Why a Fart should come behind,
Since that we may it paralel,
With any thing that doth excell,
Musick is but a Fart that's sent,
From the guts of an Instrument;
The Scholler Farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his Brains,
And when he hath spent much pain and oyl,
Thomas and others to reconcile,
For to learn the distracting art,
What doth he get by it? not a Fart;
The thunder that does roar so loud
Is but the Farting of a Cloud;
And if withall the wind do stirr up
Rain, then 'tis a Farting Sirrup;
The Soldier makes his foes to run,
With but the farting of a Gun,
That's if he make the Bullets whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a fizzle;
Fine boats that by the times about,
Are but Farts several Docks let out;
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but words, and so are they;
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in Tail, and let 'em both;
As soon as born they by and by
Fart-like but only sing and dye;

Applause

Applause is but a Fart, the rude
Blast of the whole multitude ;
And what is working Ale I pray ;
But Farting Barme, which makes a way
Out at the bung-hole, by farting noise,
When we do hear it's sputtring voice ;
And when new drank, and without hopps,
It makes us fart, and seldom stops.
I more of Farts would write I vow ;
But for my guts I cannot now,
For now they wonderfully rumble,
And my stomach begins to grumble,
Which makes me think that Farts e're long
Will at my nock there find a Tongue,
And there sing out their own praises,
In thundring and in choaking Phrases,
Where I leave them, and them to you,
And so I bid you all adieu.
What I have said take in good part,
If not, I do not care a Fart.

Silence the best Wooer.

1. **V** Rong not dear Empress of my heart,
The merits of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

K

2. Since

2. Since that my thoughts serve not to prove
The conquest of your Beauty,
It comes not from defect of Love,
But from excess of dury.

3. For think you that I sue to serve
A Saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.

4. I rather chuse to want relief,
Than venture the relieving,
VVhen glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrust's th'achieving.

5. Thus the desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
VVhen reason cannot make 'em dye,
Discretion doth them cover.

6. Yet when discretion doth believe,
The Plaints that they shall utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive,
That Silence is a Sutor.

7. Silence in Love bewrayes more woe,
Than words though nere so witty;

The

he begger that is dumb you know
Deserveth double pittie.

8. Then mis-conceive not, dearest heart,
My true though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

Beauty is not the guide to Affection.

OF Beauty there's no rule, neither can be,
Since that I like, pleases not him, nor thee.
One likes a dimpled Cheek, a double chin,
One likes a sparkling Eye, and so agen;
One likes a lusty las, to quench his fire,
Another, might he have but his desire,
Would reject all we have nam'd before,
And nor double Chin, nor dimpled cheek adore,
Neither would care for Sparkling Eye a bit,
And reject Lustiness, but adore VVit;
One likes a Lady that is short, and small;
Another one perhaps that's big and tall;
You like a Lady cause shee's very free,
I don't, for fear I should cornuted be;
One likes a VVoman, for such, and such a grace,
One cares for nothing but a handsome face;

One loves to see flaxen locks hang down,
Another man delights in lovely brown.
Thus all men vary you do see, and now
Where's the good man I pray that kiss'd the Cow?

F I N I S.

w?